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GREVILLE AND THE QUAKERS.

BY P. E. F. THOMAS.

THE glamour of romance which clings to certain names in history is ever associated with that of Charles Francis Greville, the man of many soul-sides and of some aspects quite unknown to the world at large. The handsome refined face of Romney's portrait, with its large keen eyes, won the enduring love of that beautiful woman, Emma, Lady Hamilton, but apparently she never succeeded in touching his heart with anything stronger than kindness. Charles Greville moved in Court circles as Master of the Horse to the Duke of York; he was a man of taste and culture and the patron of Romney, but there was one aspect of him known only to a little group of quiet business people in the far-away west country—that of attached and faithful friend and adviser; while the county of Pembroke owes to him the designing and building of its big fishing town and the development of the fine seaport of Milford Haven.

The ardent eyes of the portrait see before them no vision of a fair spinner or Bacchante such as haunted these of the painter; no 'divine lady,' but a small company of Quaker whale fishers, and a prosperous town of his and their building, rising above the blue waters of Wales, and harbouring ships from every corner of the world.

In truth Greville was a hard hobby-rider, and one not content to let his building be of air.

Yet it is impossible to write the history of Milford Haven, or the story of the Quaker whalers of Nantucket Island at the time of the American War, without being involved in the romance of Emma Lyon and Charles Greville, and the further tremendous episodes of her career as Lady Hamilton and associate of Nelson.

The links of the chain connecting these persons and events are so extraordinarily diverse in character as to suggest not links, but rather threaded beads of infinitely varied size and value, yet each necessary to the complete circlet.

The story begins at High House, Paddington. Here in the year 1782 lived Charles Francis Greville, and here he had installed one Mrs. Hart, spoken of as the 'prettiest woman in London,' and her mother, Mrs. Cadogan. Whatever may be said of Greville for his after treatment of her, there is no manner of doubt that this was the halcyon time of Emma's stormy life. Far more sinned against than sinning, she had been rescued by Greville from utter ruin and despair. He had taken her and her humbly born mother into his own house, and he was providing for her child, little Emma, to be brought up by decent foster parents.

Now, although Emma Lyon had begun life as a nurse girl, she was not without blue enough blood in her veins. Her father, poor young Henry Cadogan, honourably chose to marry the village girl he had entangled himself with, incurring thereby the wrath of his uncle and subsequent disinheritance. But family pride would not let him take his ancient name to the village forge, where for a short time he practised the trade of blacksmith, and called himself Lyon. The unfortunate youth soon died at his hard and humble work when his daughter Emma was only a baby; but legally her name was Cadogan, and neither Lyon nor Hart. Her mother was therefore quite rightfully called Mrs. Cadogan by Greville, while the brevet rank of Mrs. Hart for Emma, at this time neither maid nor wife, seems to have been purely a fancy choice.

Greville appears to have been of a cold, and, as he would have expressed it himself, 'eminently correct' temperament, while his lovely house mistress was by nature ebullient, and given to wild pranks that must have grievously annoyed the staid Greville. A real Bacchante, the passion of love was on her side.

It is a far cry from the High House, Paddington, to Nantucket Island off the coast of North America, and the ruined homes of some Quaker whale fishers, but both were links in the same chain. The American War of Independence had deprived these good folk of their means of support, for their ships could no longer sail the high seas on their lawful occasions without being seized and plundered by one or both of the combatant parties. The Quakers remained loyal to their king, but it was against their religious tenets to fight, so they could only assist him by being neutral. Though they supplied the British ships with what they wanted, they failed to get any protection from the British Government even in respect of attack by British ships, while the Americans were their ruthless enemies. So their former flourishing trade of supplying whale oil

for the luxurious street lighting of London went to pieces, and though famed for their courage and dexterity in whaling, they were confined to their island and likely to starve.

Even in 1779 they had suffered so much already that a deputation of prominent men of its town, Sherborne, including Samuel Starbuck and William Rotch, had gone off in the sloop *Speedwell* to lay their case before Sir Henry Clinton at New York, and to appeal against the cruel raids on their property by the British soldiers. Not only did the General refuse to hear their case, but they were not even allowed to go on shore.

Being in equal danger from the American rebels, their plight was indeed helpless. So here were 'one thousand effective male persons, that had always been employed in the whale fishery,' cut off from their means of subsistence, and confined to an island twelve leagues from the mainland.

In 1780, Timothy Folger, one of these 'effective male persons,' was captured by a French ship-of-war and taken to France, where he was detained six months and strongly urged to join the French Navy, in which he was offered the finest frigate, and was also promised provision for all his sons. But though his kinsman, Benjamin Franklin, joined his persuasions to those of the Frenchmen, Friend Timothy stoutly refused to be disloyal to his king, and, when set at liberty, returned faithfully to his afflicted people.

Then, in 1783, came a proposal from the Governor of Nova Scotia, Parr by name, to the whale fishers, that they should remove themselves to that place with their families and their ships, and, being on British territory, remain British subjects. Thus the whaling industry would be secured for Great Britain and the necessary supply of oil for London.

It must have been hard for the Quaker folk to give up their homes in the pleasant island which their forebears had bought from the native Indians, in which Edward Starbuck and his friends built the flourishing town of Sherborne, and from which they had gone forth to their thrilling business on the high seas. But they accepted the offer and, in 1785, the first ships set sail for Halifax. Samuel Starbuck, his wife and younger son, arrived in the *Lucretia* on the '17th of 9 month,' and two months later moved into their house at Dartmouth, the new town that the refugees had begun to build.

The following year, Daniel Starbuck, the elder son of Samuel, senior, in the schooner *Swallow*, brought several of the women from

the Island, but did not move himself till later, remaining behind to wind up their affairs.

There was a considerable difference in age between Daniel Starbuck and his brother Samuel, ten 'little children' of Samuel and Abigail Starbuck having passed away in early youth, leaving only the eldest and youngest to grow up. Infant mortality must have been high in the Island. Presumably the settlers were their own doctors.

In 1787 were registered at Halifax the brigantines *Lucretia*, *Manetta*, *Joseph*, *Argo*, and *Somerset*, as employed in the whale fishery on the coast of Brazil.

A pension of £150 a year was settled on Timothy Folger and his wife, and the same sum on Samuel Starbuck and his wife, for the services rendered by them and the losses sustained during the war. Forty families who removed at the same time were to have compensation for their lost homes and a portion of land in the new country.

From Nantucket Island the scene changes to Naples, where Sir William Hamilton, Greville's uncle, was English ambassador. This handsome gentleman forms an essential link in the curious chain of events. In 1782, when England was losing her American colonies, and the Quaker whale fishers their island homes, Sir William's wife died. She, *née* Barlow of Colby, had owned a large property in South Wales which she left to her husband. Sir William came to England to visit this estate, and while in London naturally went to see his nephew at High House, Paddington, then a pleasant suburban spot.

Here, probably, the Ambassador saw the lovely Emma Hart, busy in her office of tea maker, and at the zenith of her beauty. How entrancing she was, Romney has shown the world in his many inspired studies. In 1784 Sir William came again, saw a great deal of her, and affectionately wished her to call him uncle. She seems to have confided to him most of her past, including the existence of little Emma, whom she so much wanted to have with her. Sir William was a man of delightful manners and pleasant disposition, and was eminently sympathetic.

Greville went with his uncle to see the land inherited by him, much of which lay around Milford Haven, and was purely agricultural, having but three farms on it. Greville at once saw the immense possibilities of this property, and the fine natural harbour. There were here the makings of a great seaport, and Greville longed

to be up and at it. Milford, in fact, became his hobby, and Sir William made him his agent.

When Sir William went back to Naples he carried with him a very distinct image of his nephew's beautiful protégée, and the impression she had made on him seemed to have given Greville the idea of parting with her to his uncle for a due recompense, like any other fine curio when he became more than usually hard up. It is well known how he propounded this scheme, how Sir William fell in with it, how Emma herself was induced to agree to it under the pretext that she was to have her voice trained at Naples, and how in this way Greville cast her off for ever.

In 1786 Emma went to Naples and began to see a larger world than she had ever dreamt of at Paddington. When her grief at Greville's desertion had spent its first bitterness, her tremendous energy and force of character began to show themselves, and she took infinite trouble to fit herself for the part she had to play on this great stage. She was possessed of brains and individuality, as well as of transcendent beauty, and Sir William Hamilton became very truly devoted to her. Emma's mother had gone out with her to Naples, and she was treated with all respect.

Greville's first idea was to pay a hundred pounds a year to the support of Emma, his uncle paying another hundred, and so to get her honourably off his hands. But Emma proved herself more than a match for Greville. In 1791 Sir William Hamilton brought her to England and married her at Marylebone Church.

All this year Greville had been absorbed by a correspondence with the whalers of Nantucket. The English had proposed that, as Nova Scotia was proving too strait for them, they should settle on the seaboard about Milford Haven, and Greville now saw a chance to further his schemes for developing his uncle's property. After his marriage, Sir William made the whole of it over to him with a charge on it of eight hundred a year as settlement on his bride. Thus was Emma provided for, and she resigned herself to the situation.

The English Government sent proposals to the whale fishers that they should come and settle in Great Britain. But France also saw their value and proposed much better terms, and, after all, business is business. The characteristic meanness of the British proposals galled the independent Quaker folk who had already suffered and lost so much. Sir William Hamilton's land was offered by the one country, Dunkirk by the other.

Charles Greville needed all his powers of persuasion to bring any of them to Milford, but doubtless at last the personal touch prevailed, and where State proposals would have been vain, the friendly urge of Greville won the whalers for Great Britain. After all, it was a useful thing to have a friend at court, and one so keen to help them in the new venture where their interests would coincide with his.

So while Emma Lyon at Naples, having sighed and wept in vain, was steeling her heart to new conquests, Greville was dreaming of bricks and mortar, docks and quays; of ships going and coming into a harbour looked down upon by a town of goodly houses and straight streets of his own building; and reserving all his blandishments for young Samuel Starbuck from Dartmouth in whose hands lay these possibilities.

A rough plan of the land about the estuary of the river Cleddau had been sent to the Quakers, and all the advantages thoroughly gone into. Only eight miles away was Haverfordwest, the Bath of Wales, in which the county families had each their town house, to which they resorted for balls and assizes. The old sedan chairs for the conveyance of ladies existed there long afterwards into mid-Victorian times. More to the purpose of Greville's clients there was in Hwest, as Greville calls it, still the popular abbreviation of the town's long name, a Friends' Meeting House. It was a good market town for farm produce and woollens, and ships could go up and down the river on full tides to and from the quay, so that there was a brisk trade between it and Bristol. At the mouth of the inlet was the little town of Dale, which had a sheltered roadstead for ships.

Dale is still a very little place, while Greville's town of Milford has developed and goes on growing, though it did not follow the 'fixt plan' designed by him. The church was to have been the centre of the long front street, whereas there is a gap before the church is reached, and the road turns waywardly at right angles in front of it and strays up landward towards the village of Steynton.

The mail coach came within a short distance of Sir William's land to the village of Hubberston, and from there to London was but forty-eight hours' journey.

Eventually young Samuel Starbuck, having been sent from Dartmouth to Great Britain to spy out the land, met Greville on the spot in question, saw in all its beauty Shakespeare's 'blessed

haven' of Milford, and decided to forgo the French proposals, settling instead in the country of his ancestors. It was too late as far as his uncle, William Rotch, was concerned, for he had already accepted the French terms, much to Greville's regret, and betaken himself and his ships to Dunkirk. He had, in the words of one of Greville's agents, 'slipped through their fingers,' and like a large elusive moth had been captured by the rival net.

It was in September 1791 that Sir William Hamilton married Emma Lyon. In November of that year Greville wrote to Samuel Starbuck, junior :

'FRIEND STARBUCK,

'As to what you say about the whalers, I know that the interest of those who know the fishery is to settle where economy and joint stock will give permanency. I really wish I could give much encouragement. The Province of Nova Scotia did not give such advantages as Milford itself offers. You know I have about £1,000 of timber laying out Milford. The stone is for the quarrying. Let your uncle advise with you.

'I want you to settle the people you mention if you can. I desire you will let me know whether your relations, uncle, etc., would not be of the party if I could get them and their ships to Registry as British. More I do not look for but I am trying the other.

'Your assured Friend,

'C. F. G.'

In this same month Samuel Starbuck, junior, came over to London and called at Greville's house in Kings Mews, but found him absent in Wales. So he left a note which was evidently forwarded to Greville by the reliable maid he mentions later on. Greville's reply letter urges the Quaker to meet him in Wales, and arranges that they will go together from Haverfordwest to Milford and view the harbour.

Building was a recognised craze and snare in the Starbuck-Folger-Bassett clan, and in later times a father adjured his daughter, 'Never thee meddle with bricks and mortar, Mary.' Mary did, however, for they were in her blood.

Samuel Starbuck must have been favourably impressed, but he would not be hurried into a decision. He seems, in fact, to have taken a run over to France directly afterwards to see what things were like there, and so incurred a rebuke from Greville, shown in the next letter he received from his anxious friend.

Greville's hankering after the Rotches often crops out. He was exceedingly reluctant to give them up, but it was only when France became really unsafe that they at length joined their relatives at Milford.

There is, indeed, a legend extant among the Starbucks that one of the Rotches put off his departure from France for so long that, for safety's sake, he was obliged to abandon the ordinary mode of travelling and be shipped across to England in a cask when at last the position became untenable.

When young Starbuck returned to London he received a friendly note from Greville, pressing him to come and see him at High House, Paddington. This is what he wrote :

' SIR,

' I am glad to hear you are returned to London and if you should receive this in time to be with me at Paddington tomorrow by 10 o'clock or eleven, I shall be glad to see you. If you cannot come tomorrow I shall be in hopes you will come on the day following. I will have no engagement on Friday so you may come any time of the day and be sure to find me.

' I know there is a stage from the city to Paddington and it may be as well for you to come by the stage and the coachman will set you at my door if you tell him to drive to the High House, north side of Paddington Green.

' I mention 10 or 11 to-morrow, being engaged at one o'clock to 4, but if it suits you to be at the end of the town so late, I shall have a Bit of Mutton and you will be welcome to partake of it either tomorrow or the next day, as suits you best.

' I am, Sir,

' Your assured Friend,

' C. F. GREVILLE.

' Dec. 28th 1791.'

The ' fair tea maker ' was gone, having indeed unexpectedly become Greville's aunt, and he, eminently adaptable and always correct, filled the rôle of nephew admirably, shopping for her and sending her out to Naples the large blue velvet hats that were her special fancy, and remaining her confidential correspondent. There is, therefore, no mention of tea in this letter, but a ' Bit of Mutton ' takes its place, and Samuel Starbuck is invited to share that staid repast at 4 o'clock or thereabouts.

The year closes leaving Greville and Samuel Starbuck in close communication, and things looking fairly bright for Milford. The Quakers were old hands at settling and building ; Greville was only

a beginner. But Greville had accumulated a quantity of material and promised them a 'superabundance of artificers' at low prices.

The Nantucketers required a port for their vessels, and building ground on which to accommodate twenty-five families. They had thirteen ships, averaging seventy-five tons—with a complement of 182 men—which, fitted for a whale voyage, they estimated at £11 per ton. They had some capital besides.

The whalers were to have the piece of ground from Hubberston to Castle Pill at rents agreed on; and also 'the site of a Meeting House and Burying Ground at a peppercorn rent, exemption from ground rents for two years from Midsummer 1791. It is promised that the new settlers will not embarrass themselves with agriculture but depend on the markets'; and, continuing their whaling, ensure oil for the lamps of London.

An Act of Parliament had been passed in 1790 enabling Sir William Hamilton, his heirs and assigns, to build a seaport on this land, but Greville had been prevented by the want of two things, money and a 'fixt plan,' from getting on with it. Now, having worked indefatigably for the Quakers' interests with the Government and Mr. Pitt, and secured the pensions of the Folgers and the Starbucks, in the autumn of 1792 he sent a form to Timothy Folger, for his and the other pensioners' signatures, by which the payment of these small incomes was permanently arranged for. Affairs were settled between him and the Nantucketers and the building went ahead.

October 17 is the date on the form, written out by Greville and signed by the Folgers and Starbucks.

The elder Starbucks and Timothy Folger and his wife had by the beginning of the next year settled in at Robeston Hall, a fine old farm-house about four miles from Milford. Greville misspells the name as Robinson in the following letter. Jernigan was the architect who designed the observatory at the top of Hakin.

'RESPECTED FRIEND,

'Have you heard of Daniel? I write to inform you that I find Holmes is alarmed by the prospect of war and sells the *Romulus*. Slade wrote to me to enquire about Milford and whether any ships are likely to be taken up. You will tell Mr Folger this. . . . Tell Mr Folger that Jernigan is come to Hakin and I wish he would look at situation and think of plans which Jernigan may draw. I shall desire him to fix on a spot for a brick kiln and I shall open a larger Quarry for the Quay and houses directly.

'My compts to Friends at Robinson. I am much better and I shall be out in a day or two.'

'Thy assured Friend,

'C. F. GREVILLE.

'*Jan. 25th 1793.*'

'I shall write frequently,' remarked Greville, and he kept his word. So he goes on :

'RESPECTED FRIEND,

'Your brother informs me you want a letter from B. Rotch to guide your steps. I need not repeat what I have often said and believe to be for your benefit, if the expectation of a ship in which you are concerned at Dunkirk requires your presence you will be right to go, but leave your wife and children by all means. If war should unhappily arise Dunkirk will not be safe for trade or men of peace. . . . Send any answer if you wish to write today to Mr Rich. Foley, Haverfordwest, he will return with Mr Campbell this night and leave Haverford about 7 or 8 o'clock. I should have been of the party but though better, am not quite well.'

This Mr. Richard Foley was a brother of Nelson's favourite, Admiral Foley. Later on, Greville was of that distinguished party, comprising Lord Nelson and his brother, and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, who stopped at Ridgeway, a country house about seven miles from Haverfordwest, to visit Admiral Foley before proceeding to Milford to lay the foundation stone of the church. But at this time the Admiral's honours were not won, and the Rotches were still at Dunkirk. Greville's letter shows an affectionate interest in the whole family and real solicitude for the wives and children. He must indeed have been quite their most useful friend, cut off as they were from their former surroundings and forced to make another new beginning.

Even Greville's harshest critics recognise his faithful and generous care of little Emma, Lady Hamilton's child, and it may be that this quality of dependance appealed to him. He must have been a very pleasant and welcome visitor at Robeston Hall. In both these letters he was not quite well, but by the following month he was out and about again and busily engaged in unexpected activities.

The next letter, written the following month, draws a really touching picture of the elegant town man, Greville, keen as a child with a new toy, down in the mud of the foreshore marking out the line of the future quay with all due thought and care. But he defers to Messrs. Folger and Starbuck as more experienced than

himself, and leaves it to them to direct the 'plain man Morgan.' Still one hardly expects to see Greville himself in the bleakness of a February day enthusiastically engaged on so damp and dirty a job. In all things he had a mind for details, and 'no other persons' than himself and the whalers were to meddle with his seaport.

The letter is directed to the two elder Friends living at Robeston Hall. Greville was then staying at Bush, near Pembroke, one of the many beautiful places in a very beautiful county where sea and river combine to make entrancing views and every variety of scenery is found.

In April he wrote to young Samuel further directions. None of the work was to be unsupervised. From the allusion to Daniel and his 'habitation' it would appear that the elder brother had got himself a house by this time. The two brothers certainly had houses in Front Street eventually, and so had Greville himself, but Greville's was not begun until 1797, and, in the Milford annals, there is no record of his having lived there.

'SIR,

'I am obliged to go to town London in the middle of the month and I shall come to Hakin for a couple of days before I go. You will do me essential service if you will take the mason or in his absence make the old man Husband attend with a labourer and mark out with pegs or other wise from the westernmost peg in the mud which we settled to be the western end of the Quay. . . .

'I will write to you the day I propose to come; and I may also beg your Father to criticize as he promised.

'How does Daniel like his habitation?

'My compts. to all,

'I am yours,

'C. F. GREVILLE.

'Apl. 1793.'

Daniel's habitation was the corner house at the lower end of Front Street, conveniently near the Custom House and the Quay, and just at the top of the first steep rise before the street begins its slow and gentle rise towards the high-towered church at the far end. The street faces south and the land rises sharply behind it, so that the cuts up to the parallel lines of Charles and Robert Streets have an amazing gradient. The cut past Daniel's house was afterwards called Dartmouth Street to commemorate the Nova Scotia episode, the house itself being called Milford House.

Here Daniel Starbuck, my great-grandfather, lodged his wife,

née Alice Vaughan of Rhode Island, his children and his treasures, among which survive to this day a large rocking chair, and a beautiful silver porringer of the old American shape so valued by collectors.

In September of the same year ovens had come to the fore, and young Samuel, wishing to erect bakehouses for bread and ship biscuit, was given a letter to the Admiralty by which he and his uncle, William Rotch, would get permission to see the Royal bakehouses.

Greville continued to be a bachelor, the heiress he approached after Emma's departure having declined his proposals out of hand. Doubtless there was a want of fire in them which betrayed his real motive: the acquiring of money to spend on his hobbies. His heart seems to have been proof against the arrows of Eros, and even with regard to the lovely and devoted Emma, he coldly writes 'the connection was never of my seeking.'

So the reliable maid redirects his letters, and Emma had no successor in her pretty office of tea maker.

After the question of the ovens there is a pause in the correspondence until two years later, when there was evidently some distress in the county and a scarcity of grain. Greville had managed to get a supply by ship into his new port, and wrote a letter of instructions to the Starbucks. The burden of this document is its solicitude for the poor, in which he shows himself not unworthy of the commendation of the Psalmist. If indeed 'blessed is the man who considereth the poor and needy' Greville has a good claim in this instance to rank with those favoured ones. He must have been very open to pity for those in great straits, cold though his nature was.

In 1797 Greville once more resumed his building activities, and sent an architect to Milford with a 'fixt plan' and full instructions to get on with it. The dryness of the letter is relieved by the little social touch at the end in which he commends the architect's wife, that 'agreeable woman' Mrs. Barrallier, to his female Friends at Milford.

There is still one of the Starbuck line in the county who can well remember Mrs. Barrallier's house at the corner on the way up to the Quakers' Meeting House, and the mulberry tree in her garden.

A little later in the year comes a letter concerned entirely with mills, grindstones, and flour. The little mill at Priory, about a

mile out of Milford, must have been the scene of some interesting experiments.

Only two more letters remain. The one written to 'Friend Samuel' early in 1800 dwells again on meal, flour, and maize, and conjures up a pleasing picture of the elegant Greville partaking of 'very nice bread and cake of the home baking of the Friends' in the Quakers' quiet homes, and doubtless at most unearthly hours, and being regarded as a tried and trusty friend.

One fears that the loaf of mixed maize and wheaten flour, asked for as a sample, would hardly have been at its best by the time the mail delivered it in London.

Then comes the last letter, and the note struck is a sombre one. This time it is not Samuel Starbuck that Greville writes to, but Benjamin Rotch. For death had visited the Starbucks and taken away Abigail, wife of Samuel senior, and mother of Greville's friend. To her nephew, Benjamin Rotch, was given the task of writing to ask for the promised piece of ground for burials which they had not before had occasion to claim. There must surely have been a few deaths among the other settled families during the years they had been at Milford, but the churchyards of Hubberston and Steynton were not far away, and doubtless were accounted pleasant enough resting places. Samuel Starbuck, however, preferred to lay his dead to rest in the town of their own making; a green spot shut in from the busy life of the place, and where he would soon come to rest beside her. Truly not only on the high seas had the brave whalers of Nantucket been tossed by the rough waves of this troublesome world.

Greville's words of condolence are characteristic. He had appreciated Mrs. Starbuck's 'exemplary life,' and was 'confident of her reward.' His last sentence shows real feeling for his friend in the loss of his mother.

'DEAR SIR,

'I enclose a line to Mr Barrallier to set out a lot of the dimensions you desire in the spot your uncle has often mentioned as suitable for a Meeting house and Burial ground at the back of Pritchard's shop. I am glad to have paid my respects to your deceased Friend when last at Milford as I am sure she was released without a struggle, and those who best know her must be the most confident that her exemplary life will be rewarded by eternal bliss. The decisions of her friends to deposit the remains at Milford is particularly grateful to me. May her memory inspire those who

may expect to be deposited near her with an imitation of her in the various duties in which she always appeared eminently correct, and I am sure none of the Society can be more sincere in regret and in condolence to her friends than I am. I desire you may say some words of comfort to Saml. Starbuck for me.

' Believe me,

' Yours most faithfully,

' C. F. GREVILLE.

' 7th Sept. 1801.'

In the following year, 1802, was laid the foundation stone of the church. This was done by Nelson in the course of his triumphant progress through South Wales with the Hamiltons and Greville. Thus does Mr. Sichel, biographer of Lady Hamilton, make mention of the tour. 'Hamilton and Greville had planned a long driving tour to the property at Milford, where the nephew and steward was anxious to show his uncle the best work of his life—a flourishing and contented settlement of labourers.' *Labourers!!* He does scant justice to the social status of the Nantucket people, who were men of excellent education and acquirements. Timothy Folger had been accounted worthy to command a French frigate, if he had cared to accept the offer, and the Starbucks were land- and ship-owners, and recognised leaders among intellectual and business men. Mr. Sichel had failed to grasp the situation.

In 1808 the new church was consecrated. Very finely placed, it makes a noble landmark and memorial to the life-work of Greville, who died the following year. He was happy in having seen his dream materialise, and his town arise from the mud in which he laid its first lines, and where he consulted with his Quaker Friends. It is easy to criticise his faults, but pleasanter to recognise his merits and to let one's gaze linger on the handsome refined face of Romney's portrait. Charles Starbuck, son of Samuel junior, would have been Greville's godson if the Quakers had recognised baptism; as it was he was just named after him, and from that branch of the family, the picture, an engraving after Romney's original, has travelled to us, descendants of Daniel.

It was Emma Hamilton's hard lot to outlive all her dearest friends, Romney, Sir William, Nelson, her devoted and beloved mother, besides Greville.

One likes to think that, if Greville had lived, her end would not have been so tragic and that he would have come to her rescue once again.

A MAN OF LETTERS.

BY SIR SQUIRE SPRIGGE, M.D.

I WAS at the book-stall when my usual train, scheduled to reach London in 35 minutes, was due. A fellow traveller whom I knew by sight came up to ask for the *Scrutator* and for some newspaper devoted to the raising of poultry, when his resentment at not being able to obtain what, I think, he described as the *Feathered Compendium* attracted my attention. In popular language he could have been termed peevish, and he seemed to have been peevish out of proportion to any disappointment that he had sustained. The recollection of this episode came back to me as I saw him on the platform, a day or two later, engaged in buying a journal which specialises in life-assurance statistics, while at the same time he left a commission for an expensive paper written in the interests of art collectors, and one that can seldom be obtained at suburban railway stalls. The man struck me as having wide and curiously assorted interests, an impression that grew deeper when on another occasion I saw him buy the *Gardeners' Weekly Cyclopaedia*, what time he ordered the *Shell-Fishers' Budget*. He puzzled me.

His customary train being also mine, his appearance was familiar to me, and, as they occurred, I took the opportunities of watching him, for my curiosity was roused by the uncorrelated nature of the papers that he would ask for, and by his persistent impatience when he could not get what he should have had no expectation of getting. I noticed that he would seek to buy journals bearing titles which showed their association with all sorts of industries and tastes, and that as a rule he failed to obtain them. He would then leave orders for these, and buy other papers having no apparent connexion with his previous demands, and always with a display of pettishness.

One morning he inquired for a journal which no one could have hoped to purchase casually on any platform; it was the day of its publication, and, being a subscriber, I chanced to have a copy. I noted that he left no order for it; he had a modest appearance, and I judged that a high price had influenced him to abstain from his wonted procedure of leaving a commission, and that, although on impulse he might have dashed down his seven-and-sixpence, the delay imposed upon him had brought reflection.

So I offered my copy to him, saying that I would recover it from him at the terminus. He beamed gratitude at me, and got into the train, already tearing off the wrapper. At our destination he gave back the paper and thanked me for the little service with unnecessary emphasis, adding that of course he was going to buy a copy for himself. To these words he imparted an air of impressiveness, and for a moment I thought he was going to explain them, but what he added made his meaning no clearer. 'That's a journal,' he said, 'that it's difficult to see unless you have a club, and of course buying the expensive organs on spec comes heavy. But I'm most deeply obliged.' And he departed, leaving me with the feeling that he owed me some confidence which he regretted withholding.

He did not withhold it long. The acquaintance thus begun fortuitously was kept alive by morning salutations, and then the accident of our simultaneous arrival at the home station upon an evening train led to developments. We found ourselves leaving the station together. For part of our homeward journey we walked by the same roads, and our conversation opened in a commonly blundering way.

'Tell me,' I was saying, 'what on earth——?'

'You must wonder what on earth——' he was saying.

We waited on each other and again commenced together, I to question him as to his zeal for newspapers, and he to inform me. We both laughed, and intercourse seemed to come easily. My curiosity hardly needed expression, so pleased was he to explain his omnivorous appetite. At the place where our parting was indicated he was still revealing himself with gusto, and he acquiesced readily in the proposal that he should turn aside and come as far as my house.

He continued his story over the tea-table, protesting that he should be proud of permission to keep me posted as to his future activities. The following is what I made of his narrative, supplemented by a little obvious surmising on my part.

It appeared that he was a clerk in a Government office, and of no particular standing in that office. He worked entirely under orders, and I perceived that the irresponsibility which thus resulted was a source of irritation to him; he was not of the temperament to enjoy the freedom from care which a bar to any initiative action brought to so many of his similars in the bureau. He wanted to express himself, and resentment at the perpetual inability to do so had grown on him.

'I'm only a cipher,' he said, 'in the office, but outside the office I count.'

And this was how he counted. He had discovered an outlet for his feelings in a profuse correspondence addressed to all sorts of newspapers. Here he could select his subject, could say his say how and when he wished, and could count as a triumph accruing to himself each accepted contribution. When publicity resulted, though it was anonymous, it possessed the sweetness of having been brought about by personal effort; and thus he could congratulate himself on directing the thought of his fellows in a private capacity, though his official occupation was servile.

He required no pressing in this process of self-revelation, and his confidences flowed from him much in the order in which I set them down here.

'There isn't a man in our office,' he went on, 'who could write a letter to the Press that would be attractive or instructive to the public'; and he expatiated with enthusiasm upon his self-appointed task, its admirable system, its responsibilities, its scope, and its fulfilment of a felt want. This last phrase over and over again. 'I write a letter on what I like, at such times as I like, and I send it where I like. The editors can take it or leave it as they like.'

As he made no claim to constant appearance in print I gathered that quite often they liked to leave it, and I asked if rejection did not produce annoyance on his side—if he did not feel that he had wasted his time.

'You don't know my system,' he replied. 'Nothing I write is wasted. It all gets printed sooner or later, and I am extending my connexion. I had three letters printed this week, and one of them had been sent previously to seventeen places. Of course that means industry and method. Industry and method, that's my slogan. I'm in my seventh hundred.'

My expression of wonder at his fertility took the form of asking how the subjects came to present themselves to notice with sufficient frequency.

'There's no trouble about that,' he replied. 'I sense the public need: the events of to-day adumbrate my text for to-morrow.' (I noticed that I was being addressed in the style which he employed for the approach of editors.) 'The things to which newspapers just allude, and do no more than allude, are the very things which are worth stressing and worth developing for readers.'

With the suggestion that he worked on a large range, he agreed, 'but,' he said, 'I do not have to search for subjects. To introduce your own subject to an editor is useless—it never interests them. They assume that they know what their readers want to hear about; in reality they know what they intend them to hear about. I take the subjects which they allude to—only to neglect, and infuse them with human interest. It's extraordinary how editors fail to get the things out and about, which the public want to know.'

I surmised that many of the papers which I had seen him buy had large circulations, which went to support the judgments of their editors; but he asserted that their popularity would be even more marked if editors used industry and method to touch the heart of the people. 'When editors say, "Everybody knows" or "We need not enter into detail" or "Common sense tells us," then is the time that I write a letter pointing out the things that they have omitted to say; they are sure to be the things with the greatest attraction for the public. I have immense choice in this way; the things left undeveloped are so numerous that I sometimes shudder at the responsibilities that I assume.'

His eyes shone and his face reddened as he spoke. Suddenly timidity overtook him, and, as he bade me good-bye, his request that I would honour him with a return visit, so that I might inspect his Press-cutting books, alternated with apologies for the length of his visit and for the personal nature of his confidences. And as he left my door he said impressively, 'The human heart is good enough for me,' the emphasis implying that there were people, notably editors, to whom the human heart made no appeal.

Our acquaintance was not renewed immediately. Noyes—for that was his name—made a point of recognising the social gulf which separated the first-class from the third-class ticket-holder, and on the platform would never come nearer to intimacy than a smile of recognition. But one morning I found myself in his carriage, an unusual concourse of travellers having levelled all distinctions. He was in a corner surrounded by acquaintances, whom, it seemed to me, he was passing in review while exchanging salutations.

'Curious thing, this about caterpillars,' he remarked as the train started, opening out a popular print at a page which displayed some horrific depictions of insect life in various phases. 'Curious thing how they do it, isn't it?' he asked, looking round the carriage with

the air somewhat of a schoolmaster selecting one of a class for a test, and finally letting his gaze pause at one of my immediate neighbours.

'What is it now, Noyes?' asked the man addressed, as he glanced up from the perusal of his own sheet.

'Good old Noyes,' exclaimed another traveller.

'Get it off, Noyes,' said a third, closing his paper.

I began to guess what was going to happen. During the whole of our journey to London Noyes talked to us about caterpillars, consulting as his authority the flaming pages which lay open before him, and which contained a letter described by him as the source of wonderfully accurate information. He told us of eggs on an area as large as a shilling—all his illustrative points were homely—which were transformed into grubs of the size and appearance of printed notes of interrogation; he revelled in the story of each tiny grub eating five times its body weight in five hours—or was it five minutes? I do not pretend to repeat his figures accurately, although he adduced them with great particularity, while he urged us to think of the voracious army of caterpillars thus produced. His method was to read sentences from the letter, approve of them, and then use them as points for exposition. As we drew into the London station he was moving us with an eloquent elegy on the destroyed greenery that shortly before had enfolded the forest monarchs. He timed his discourse perfectly, reaching this peroration as the journey came to an end.

During much of his disquisition he kept an inquiring eye on me, and I felt that he was wondering what impression he was creating in the mind of one who must have guessed that he was the author of the texts on which he was enlarging. He was making me a confederate in his plot for impressing the company, and he was uncertain how I should regard his trick of imposing his own views upon them. I accepted complicity by nodding my appreciation of his points; the deceit seemed to me slight, if it could contribute to his enjoyment of the position. It was for these moments, I guessed as he discoursed, that he lived. They accounted for the fanatical glow with which he had expatiated on his labours. He took the attention of the railway carriage as a sample of the interest which his writings aroused among the general public, and I am not sure that he erred.

After this experience I would often abandon my claim to a roomier seat on purpose to watch his manœuvres. On some mornings he was silent, for either he had not been allowed to contribute

to the wisdom of the people by original essays, or no editor had assisted him by giving prominence to a theme on which he could harangue us with an eye to further propaganda. And though his deliveries were received occasionally with impatience, I noticed that, on the days when he had nothing to say, there would be an air among us of disappointed expectation. No doubt these breaks in procedure stimulated interest, and this was further maintained by his habit of pervading the train, dropping in now among one group and now among another in accordance, I thought, with some sort of design. He watched the passengers assort themselves, and by selecting a variety of audience lessened the risk of being accounted a bore, while obtaining larger opportunities of spreading his teaching.

He was, I saw, a popular character. He was not an arrogant preacher; he inclined to be simply an imparter of facts. He took interruptions in good part, and welcomed them, for he was an astute debater when his facts were challenged or his deductions belittled. Indeed, where he thought that discussion would help him to emphasise some message that he had not delivered with fitting amplitude he could use plentiful wiles to obtain criticism. At the same time, his studied impartiality saved him from self-betrayal when he was in danger of showing too intimate a knowledge of the anonymous author's real meaning. And so the morning journeys were passed frequently by a carriage full of men in threshing out the views of Noyes as already printed, or in helping him to arrive at views which he might print later. And this we did at the instigation of Noyes while believing ourselves to be free agents in the matter.

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Our suburb was but indifferently served by trains, and the shortcomings of the railway company put Noyes's pen to frequent exercise.

'For the fourth time our train has been late,' he told me one evening as we left the station. 'That makes the average lateness three minutes in less than six months. I wish to be just and I will allow that the figure is swollen by the fact that last night it was no less than twenty minutes behind time.'

'Does it matter much?' I asked.

'To be twenty minutes behind time on a journey of thirty-five minutes! I consider that to constitute a breach of contract,' he said sternly. 'If it occurred only once a month and were the only default of the month it would mean an aggregate loss of time to the

passengers, estimating the average number of people in the train as—

I interposed. I knew the sort of calculations that were threatened, and I felt certain that Noyes was prepared to repeat some printed effusion, probably as a rehearsal for its reappearance.

'That's not what I meant,' I said. 'I agree that the delays are annoying even with these local trains, but it is only with great expresses, timed to catch boats or to make important connexions, that unpunctuality is serious.'

I had hoped to arrest a gush of information, but rather I hastened a flood. For then he told me, with the minutest accuracy as to dates, how many times certain expresses, well advertised by our line, had failed to run to their time in the past month, and he astounded me with his familiarity with the Company's time-tables.

'How on earth can you remember all that?' I asked, and it was then that I fell in with a suggestion that I should accompany him home on a long promised return visit. 'For in that way,' he said, 'I can prove my opportunities for knowing the facts about the trains.'

I hoped that I should not put Mrs. Noyes out by arriving for tea without warning, and received the assurance that the wife of 'a man of letters'—for thus he described himself with complete seriousness—was ready to meet a petty inconvenience. So in that character I was conducted to the door of a small house in a small street, where claims to niceness were made by every be-curtained bow-window, unnecessary gable, and finicking balustrade. The strip of garden between us and an entrance, over which was painted a number in bold characters, was tidy, but held no ordered mass of blossoms like that which lay before the adjoining tenements. We paused in the few yards of path for Noyes to explain that his evenings were too fully taken up by literary work to allow time 'to pursue husbandry'—his actual phrase—and he pointed out that the conspicuous figures above the portal had replaced the words 'Mon Abri,' the removal of which had formed the text of a letter to the papers which he held to be one of his most telling contributions.

'You can believe I was glad to be anonymous in that case,' he said. 'My neighbours are all resident in houses termed "The Pines," "Mon Repos," "Belvoir," and so on; they were annoyed at the way in which the subject was treated.'

Mrs. Noyes, a young middle-aged woman with a comely worried face, extended to her husband's friend a welcome, properly expressed,

but colourless. Her husband had often spoken of me, I learned, and was grateful for the interest which I took in him. She apologised for the limited space of the room in which we were to sit down to tea. And, indeed, it was a mere cupboard, below the smudged window of which ran a railway cutting, judging by the roar beneath us which burst out as we entered the room.

'I told you I had every opportunity of knowing about the trains,' Noyes said, and as he pursued the subject during tea to the accompaniment of similar outbursts, I learned that the untiring fellow had calculated not only from the figures of the time-tables, but from actual visits to the intermediate stations and from inquiries made of drivers and porters, exactly at what moment many of the principal trains, both non-stopping expresses and others, were due to pass below his house. While he was talking a small boy appeared at the table, and Noyes paused to introduce him as 'a chip of the old block,' but continued his railway statistics, and each time that the house rocked, while clouds of smoke rolled up before the windows, the phenomena brought consultation of his watch, and such comments as 'the 6.9 down, due here at 6.48 and practically on time,' or 'she's due in town at 6.20 and won't make it.' His surprising knowledge he explained by saying that we were sitting in what used formerly to be his writing-room, but the proximity of the railway traffic had disturbed him. 'So we changed the rooms round,' he went on, 'for as my work developed and my system came into full action, I required more space and more quiet, while after all'—this with an air of stating a truism—'you only want a table and some chairs for meals, and a little noise is no matter.'

I noticed that his wife, on greeting me, had not expressed any gratitude for my interest in her husband's activities, and now she abstained from any approval of his views on the allotment of space in their house. It was clear that Noyes's literary work did not yield a common pleasure, and once when he brought the little boy into the conversation as 'one who has often been a source of real inspiration to me,' her irritation was hardly suppressed, and she prevented the child from replying. No one at the tea-table was at ease, save Noyes, and I was glad when he rose and proposed adjournment to what he termed (of course) his 'sanctum.'

This proved to be a largish apartment in the front of the house, and at the first glance it became clear that Noyes in deed as well as in word took his pursuit of letters seriously. On a long trestle table a quantity of newspapers were arranged in bundles bearing different

letters of the alphabet obviously indicating some code. Two shelves ran the whole length of one wall. Of these the upper was half full of large numbered scrap-books : the lower was loaded with volumes including, I could see, an array of dictionaries, not all of the cheaper sort ; there were many volumes of the kind which contain alphabetised information upon 'ologies, arts, and crafts. I noticed also several varieties of atlas, two or three of the more modest encyclopædias, a concordance, and a heterogeneous row of reference books. Ink, red and black, a tray of fasteners, a bottle of paste, and several fountain-pens were surrounded on the table by notebooks, paper and envelopes of various sizes ; while at one end stood a typewriter and a postal balance, and at the other a rack in which were arranged a dozen or more scrap-books similar to those on the upper shelf.

'My tools,' said Noyes, waving his hand comprehensively round the room. 'Nothing is more conducive to well-executed work than to have under the hand the necessary tools, and I pride myself upon the standard of my productions.' He seemed to expand in the atmosphere of his sanctum ; he strode to the shelves with an assertive gait quite different from that which marked his walk on the platforms ; and it was with glittering eye and resonant voice that he introduced his system to me, repeating impressively the words 'Industry and method.'

Certainly he was relentlessly industrious and patiently methodical. The scrap-books which he took down for my inspection fell into two classes : in one class they were filled with cuttings of his own printed work ; in the other they contained scraps, printed or manuscript, filed in expectation of future activities. Every volume in both the classes was elaborately indexed in view of an attack upon the correspondence columns of the press at large. I observed frequent entries under similar headings, but 'I never hesitate to repeat myself,' he said, 'and often a new subject can be treated in an old way.'

The headings of those letters which had received publication were annotated not only with the dates and places of appearance, but also with the names of the various papers to which they had been submitted before they came to rest. Long and devious often were the flights before acceptance was achieved.

'My system,' said Noyes, displaying now one and now another volume to me, 'secures me against the blunder of addressing a particular editor twice with the same manuscript ; secondly, it

enables me to know where any manuscript after it has left my hands is at the moment, and so I can keep my rule—my inflexible rule—that until one week has elapsed nothing of mine on any subject is under the eye of more than one editor.’ The moral rectitude of this precaution he stressed.

His annotations in manuscript were themselves indexed, while he had a subject index, a topographical index, an index of familiar historical references, and many alphabetical lists to be employed in supplement of one or other of his forms of classification. I was amazed at one moment by the pertinacity of these designs for informing the public upon what, for the most part, did not matter; at another moment I was shocked at his impudence in supposing that he could deal in any authoritative manner with such an immense range. I felt at a loss what to say, and my first comment was ill-received.

‘Have you read an amusing story by Arnold Bennett?’ I asked.

He caught me up sharply. ‘I never read novels,’ he said, ‘I study life. My system is my own. I think you will soon see how it all works. And he bowed slightly, as signifying that he saw in me an intelligence like his own, of a high level. I sat down, and he began. For half an hour he proceeded to explain, to bore, and yet, perversely, to fascinate.

‘Take topography—say, Loamshire—at random,’ and he turned over the pages of one of the indexed volumes; ‘I have noted that this county contains the birthplaces of seven ancient worthies. In my statistical reference book there is an article in which I have compared the ratios of ancient worthies born in the various English counties to the estimated population of those counties at the date of the births. That was an interesting and most difficult piece of research. I have a manuscript on the subject now out. I could tell you exactly where it is and how long it has been there. In another letter I define what is meant by the phrase “ancient worthies.”’ Here he reached for a fresh reference book which I saw was labelled ‘Philosophical studies,’ consulted an entry, and shook his head. ‘That article has been to thirty-eight places,’ he said, ‘and is now with the editor of *Strive and Conquer*, a monthly magazine which is stated to circulate among educationists. There are difficulties, it must be admitted, connected with my philosophical studies; they are not printed with any regularity, and I have trouble in finding out where they appear. For example, *Strive and Conquer* is not on sale at any book-stall, the clerk at our station tells me that

he cannot find out who publishes it, and I have not kept the address of the paper. Too bad.'

'Monstrous,' I assented, though comment was quite unnecessary as an encouragement.

'Concerning the "ancient worthies" of Loamshire,' he ran on, 'I have written centenary notes in the case of five. They have all been published, signed—I think with pardonable duplicity—"A Loamshire Man." A sixth centenary falls due next week; the letter is written, and will be posted in due time. I have noted that in the seventh case the letter need not be written for three years, but there is no fear that under my system he will be forgotten.'

'No fear at all,' I agreed. 'Who was he?'

'I am not sure of his name,' he replied, 'without looking at my notes. I recall that he was a numismatist, and I think he was a bigamist. I have his record.' And he rose to consult a scrap-book.

I rose also, feeling that I had had enough, when he immediately resumed his seat and flowed on evenly. 'In dealing with the worthies I amassed some valuable material in respect of the historic past of our English counties, and I have introduced Druidical vestiges and Roman remains to many who never gave a thought to them before. I usually employ the pseudonym "A Son of the Soil" for these letters. I have been lucky with them, and also to some extent with various communications upon rural customs and country superstitions.'

I said with resignation that his knowledge appeared to be encyclopædic, and that I must really be going.

'Of course I use encyclopædias,' he replied, 'but with discretion. I have to avoid entomology and ornithology. The people who practise these sciences are very contentious. I have been contradicted in rude terms by them, but there is so much to be done that I welcome any limitations. In regard to Clayshire now, I have as yet touched on nothing save the infamous train service of the county and already—pardon me' (here he consulted a scrap-book)—'my letters number seventeen, all taking up different points. Fourteen have been printed and the others are on their travels. Of Chalkshire—'

This sort of thing I felt had to be stopped, and I pleaded with truth the approach of my dinner hour. The reverberation of a train enabled him to tell me the probable time without consulting a watch, but he admitted that he was not certain of being quite correct, inasmuch as the only train on the whole system, as far as he

had been able to detect, which conformed persistently with the timetable, was that which arrived below his house at 11.3 P.M., having left London at 10.30 P.M.

“ ‘The saving grace,’ I call it. I go to bed by that train. The night on which that train is late I will send an exposure of the management to the Press which will bring obloquy upon the directorate. I have full notes for the letter. I shall send it to the *Scrutator*, a paper which so far has declined to give me access to their public. But I try to be fair, and as long as the 11.3 is punctual I stay my hand.’

In the passage, while her husband, with glowing face, was protesting that I must come again and encourage him, Mrs. Noyes bowed in silence.

Though when I left the house the man had bored me bitterly, yet in response to some of many invitations I would go occasionally to see the famous system in operation. In his explanations he seldom had anything to say worth saying, and in his printed letters seemed seldom to say anything in a manner that was not trite and pretentious. When he stumbled on a good point he never recognised it as novel or logical, but rather steered away from it, as though he feared to leave his charted course of banality. But his industry was wondrous and his absorption was insane. He fascinated me.

I made no headway with his wife. She concealed badly her irritation at my interest in her husband's passion, and she never produced the boy for my inspection; in fact, I felt that she kept him from me. Once only did she go beyond formal greeting—then, in answer to my comments upon his industry, she jerked out an odd statement soon to be recalled to my memory: she said, ‘I put him on to it and I shall live to repent it.’

One morning he was awaiting me on the platform, prepared to greet me, and I knew that there must be some special performance to which he wished to call my attention. For, despite the sort of intimacy which had grown up between us, he always preserved in public an air of aloofness, born of strict intention to keep his place, as he would have phrased it; he would wait punctiliously for my nod, and limited our overt connexion to a formal return of my ‘Good morning.’ But on this occasion he came up to me at once, flourishing a newspaper.

‘You’ve got your *Scrutator*,’ he exclaimed. ‘At last there’s

a letter of mine in it. It's signed "Arithmeticus." And there's a leading article about it. They don't give me proper credit. They've got on the wrong track. They're too political.' And as our train drew in he was still explaining that the worst of superior papers like the *Scrutator* was that 'they got out of touch with human interest and became political.'

On my way to London I read the words of 'Arithmeticus' and the leading article which they had prompted, and the latter was indeed political. I felt that Noyes was in a direct route for trouble. He had been indiscreet, glaringly indiscreet, and I suspected that he had surprised someone's confidence. I knew nothing of his daily work beyond the fact that he had subservient duties in a Government office, and, while I sensed his wrong behaviour, I was amazed that he should have had any opportunity of learning what he had disclosed. Briefly Noyes was the man who by an anonymous letter, the letter which I read that morning in the *Scrutator*, started the famous Cassalonga scandal. Many will remember that the *Scrutator's* commentary upon that letter, while shaking the existing Government to its foundation, placed upon an honourable if careless statesman that character for cynicism which is still cited against his party whenever it will serve a purpose upon political platforms. The incident is described in the closing chapter of Professor Lionel Highmore's 'Backstairs Politics in the Edwardian Era,' and even those who condemn that work, because the Professor moved among us for many years as Leon Heymer, will admit that none the less there is much in it that is entertaining, and some incendiary material for the combustion of fine reputations. The Professor's account of the episode is not accurate, but he did not have the opportunity for ascertaining the facts that was now to be thrust upon me.

Some three days after Noyes's debut in the pages of the *Scrutator* his wife paid me a visit. She was calm at first and spoke with such coherence that few interventions on my side were necessary. But it was easy to see that her demeanour resulted from a self-control that she could maintain only with effort; she was a frightened and exasperated woman. She began by saying that Noyes had been dismissed that morning from his office for breach of trust, with a month's salary and without a character. 'And very spiteful they were about it,' she considered. 'They kept on calling his conduct "gross" and that hurt him, and "unpardonable" because they did not intend to listen to his explanation. They'll never take him back, and if they did it wouldn't cure him. He's mad.'

I tried here some expostulation, but she turned on me with

anger. 'I've taken the liberty,' she said, 'of intruding upon you because my husband thinks so much of your opinion. He thinks that you admire him, and I can see that he amuses you. That's all.'

The accuracy of the surmise closed my lips, and she went on, still with fair composure, though fighting to preserve it, 'He's mad, and I'm to blame. At first I encouraged him to write letters. He used to consult me about them. And the work kept him at home. You see he comes of a drinking family, and it made me feel safe having him with me in the evenings. He loved to talk, and I thought he was the sort that if he couldn't talk at home would talk abroad. And I feared that would mean drink. But at last I got tired of hearing him talk. I stood it for two years, and then I put the idea into his head that he should send his notions to the newspapers. And the very first things he sent they printed. That was bad luck, though we both thought it fine. But this letter writing grew upon him, and soon, as far as I was concerned, he might as well have been fuddling himself in a public-house. It would have been cheaper, for he took to buying dozens of daily papers and weekly papers, sometimes quite expensive ones. And then he said he must have books, and they often cost a lot. He couldn't have spent more on drink. And he might as well be speechless with drink from morning to night for all the conversation I ever have with him.'

'Mrs. Noyes,' said I, 'you're taking a morbid view. You are really quite happy in your home life, and I am sure he is devoted to you and the boy.'

'He's used to me, and that's all there is about it. And as for the way he treats Edward, it makes me want to kill him. Not that he isn't kind and all that,' she added, noting perhaps surprise in my face. 'Oh, he's what you might call indulgent. But he drags the poor kid into his letters and shows him up before the public in a way that's shameful. If the people about here, who read my husband's letters, knew I was the mother of the child that's had pages written to prove all sorts of nasty things about feeding and grandparents and instincts and diseases, I'd run away and take the child with me, or drown him and myself too. He uses the boy to write about, and uses his house as a place to write in, and doesn't care a scrap about a home or a family, except where they fit in to what he calls his work. It makes me sick to hear him call it his work, when it's only his craze. And now he's lost his real work, and his craze won't bring money. It costs money. And we haven't got any savings, for they've all gone to buy a lot of books that he

calls his tools. And how's he to get any engagement again ? Sacked without a character. And serve him right. What's to become of us ?' And here she broke into tears.

I tried to console her by reminding her, without originality, that things would turn up.

'They may and they mayn't,' she responded, 'but you'll have a chance of helping him. For he's coming to tell you the whole story.'

And with that she left, bidding me good night with dignity, and having recovered her exterior calmness.

I did not receive any prompt visit from Noyes. I saw him on the platform now and again, but he did not present himself with punctuality to catch his former morning train. On the occasions when he put in an appearance he did not exhibit any differences that struck the eye, and his conversation with fellow-travellers was on the old lines.

I noted that the speaker's popularity was still preserved, while I guessed that prestige had been gained by his assumption of the part of a Government servant in retreat. He was hardened in his self-deception, and was taking himself still more seriously as an instructor and even as a philosopher. I could see him spending the whole of his idle day in devising ways for indulging his mania for publicity. I could picture his idiotic energy in indexing his varied disquisitions. But what of his wife and their home life now ? Had he any work at all that brought in money ? Was it true, as she said, that his habits had never allowed him to effect any savings on his salary ?

But a month or more elapsed before I could answer these questions for myself. Then the signs became clear that real trouble had set in. He no longer sought a crowded carriage ; the serenity of face was gone, and the self-confidence was replaced by self-effacement ; boots and hat betrayed their vulnerability, and the irrepressible talker was now shy and morose.

I had resolved to break in upon his reserve with an invitation that he should tell me how he was faring, when he anticipated me. Entering my study one evening he plunged into the middle of things. His hurry and agitation were at variance with his former punctilio, and probably he was feeling that only with a rush could he surmount his reluctance to confession. His story came from him with

incoherent rapidity, and it will be seen to differ in many places from Professor Lionel Highmore's account of the episode, and to dispose effectively of some of that person's disquieting innuendoes against highly placed Civil Servants.

It was as follows: One day no less a person than the Prime Minister sought information from the chief of Noyes's bureau respecting the figures of British trade with a minor Asiatic power. The figures covered a period of which the commercial activities had been summarised recently by Noyes, and accordingly he was told off to answer the questions propounded by the Premier's private secretary, a Mr. Valcourt. Apart from the flutter of excitement created by association, however slight and formal, with the head of the Government, Noyes felt no concern in the matter; the work had fallen to him by the chance of routine. Thinking, however, that certain of the figures would make popular reading, and with no other desire than to inform the public, he had disclosed them in a letter to the *Scrutator*. Whereupon, he said, he had been discharged at once, no explanation of his conduct having been even requested of him.

I listened to him with real amazement. He had no appreciation of what he had done—not only did he seem to be unaware that he had broken the fundamental rule of preserving the confidence of an employer, but he had taken no note of the extraordinary disturbance of public affairs that had followed upon his indiscretion. He classed all the ensuing turmoil as 'political' and, therefore, as outside his interest. He was the first man whom I had met since the storm burst over the Prime Minister's head who was unaware of what had happened.

The sequence of events was actually this. Our exports to certain countries, it chanced, had gone down, and the fact having been unfavourably noticed by the Opposition, the Prime Minister decided to accept the challenge. For this purpose he elected to use the figures in respect to the trade of Great Britain with the State of Cassalonga in order to prove that his critics for party reasons had been over prompt to find fault. For our trade with Cassalonga had improved in a marked way. The Prime Minister made a statement in the House of Commons, using the figures supplied by Noyes's bureau, but in general terms and without allocation of them to detailed headings. Noyes sent his letter to the *Scrutator*, by a genuine coincidence, on the same evening, and showed the Prime Minister to have been in ignorance that the compliment paid by

Cassalonga to British trade was in the main the result of a huge contract undertaken by a London firm for refurnishing a winter palace and a summer palace, the residences of the King. The fact emerged from Noyes's communication that the expenses incurred by the State of Cassalonga on behalf of their potentate were connected in a large part with the right luxurious fittings of new quarters for the women of the Court, and the actual sums spent in this direction were revealed.

The Prime Minister, unfortunately in the event, scored a tactical success in a speech wherein he purported to deal with Cassalonga commerce; he made an effective declaration which disconcerted his opponents. They leapt at the perfect opening for retaliation, when 'Arithmeticus' supplied the evidence to the *Scrutator*, and used their advantage mercilessly. The Prime Minister, a man of honour, was made to smart under the exposure of what was described as his duplicity, and the leading article in the *Scrutator*—source of Noyes's self-congratulation even while he regretted its absorption in politics—set an example which was widely followed in the Press. It can be guessed that the Prime Minister, unable to make a public defence, in private handed on the abuse to his private secretary, and it may be guessed also that it was the Prime Minister's secretary who had secured Noyes's immediate dismissal.

'They wouldn't listen to a word I said,' Noyes complained. 'They sent me off the day after my letter appeared.' He did not either defend his conduct or confess its irregularity; he was quite ignorant of the public effects of his action. He appeared to regard the episode as nothing more than a striking example of the tactlessness of editors in dragging politics into social matters.

'I never touch politics,' he reiterated. 'In all the hundreds of letters I have written you will not find a word of politics. I told the office so, but my chief said he wasn't talking about what I had written, but only about the fact that I had got the information through being a Government servant. The Prime Minister considered that he had been deceived, he told me; and when I said that my letter contained nothing that had not been told to Mr. Valcourt, who is the Prime Minister's private secretary, he said that my statement happened to be particularly damaging, for it was denied by the secretary. I was given one day to go through the work I was engaged upon with the head clerk in my room, who said he was sorry for me as I was a very good worker, but that he couldn't think how I had been such a fool.'

I asked Noyes if he had made any attempt since his dismissal to get reinstatement, and I gathered that he had not done so; and indeed that he was not anxious to go back, but hoped to get literary employment.

I could surmise what was coming.

'I have been treated very meanly,' he went on. 'I have written column after column for papers of every sort, and I have never taken any money. It was my aim to give freely the information the people wanted, and I never asked for any return other than the satisfaction of my conscience. For years I have spared no trouble in the cause of public instruction, and I think it is shameful that the editors who have used my brains so often to the advantage of their circulation should refuse to pay for further letters now that I am not in a position to slave for honour alone. I have material for educating all classes of readers which has cost me many midnight hours of toil. It is catalogued and arranged for immediate employment, and you will hardly believe it, but I cannot earn a shilling. I have written most valuable matter nightly and daily since my time has been my own. But when my communications have been printed and requests for payment have been made they have been ignored, and when I have made payment a condition of publication I have not been published. It is useless for me to pursue my labours.' His misery was real, but it proceeded mainly not from losing his post, but from the closure put upon a passion which he could no longer afford to indulge.

Inquiry about his finances led to an explosive assertion that he had not come to beg, but I learned that his wife's forebodings as to the financial plight were justified. It seemed that the family would soon be enduring hunger unless he could get employment where time spent meant money earned. However, he would not accept a loan, but left upon my promise that 'I would see what I could do.'

As it happened there was an unusual sequel to a form of words which almost invariably leads to futile negotiations, and a few days later I was able to introduce Noyes to a new career. I went in the first place to his late bureau where I knew a man who was high up. He took me to Noyes's chief, when my inquiry if there was any chance of reinstatement for my friend received an uncompromising negative.

'I'm sorry about the poor devil, but I can't do anything,' was the reply. 'Noyes only got what he deserved. I would have tried

to help him if it had been the least use, for he was a good chap in the office, industrious and methodical, with a certain genius for getting at facts. But we should have Valcourt kicking up a row with us. He made a point of our sacking the man. I gather the Prime Minister gave Valcourt a sharp rowing, and he's very sore. Valcourt's the principal sufferer. Fellows in the House resented his letting the Prime Minister down by his smart concealments, and he's not going to be run by the party for the seat that was promised him. As soon as his name came forward there would be questions raised about the infernal letter, and the Government want it forgotten. It's a bad blow for them as it is; they'll lose seats at all the next by-elections. I can't do anything for Noyes.'

But, as a matter of fact, the good fellow did a great deal. I agreed that the case could not be reopened with the Government, but I persuaded him to write to me giving credit to his late clerk for the qualities that he had mentioned, and allowing me to show the note in a few places where there might be a chance of Noyes getting a trial. And furnished with that note, I introduced Noyes to the distinguished persons whom I allude to as my publishers, but who do not advertise my connexion with them as a client, and who have not earned much by their connexion with me. However, they elected to be sympathetic, and in a large and expanding business they were able to find a post in which Noyes could be tried. If he could render good service, using his equipment as cataloguer and literary man in behalf of a popular encyclopædia which the firm was proposing to bring out, they thought that there might be a modest but promising opening for him. If an inspection proved satisfactory he could begin at once.

He came to thank me, radiant, and excusably puffed up by the interview with his new employers which had secured him the appointment. He had taken with him some of his scrap-books, and had explained his system to the editor of the projected publication.

'He saw at once,' said Noyes, 'that I had ideas, and that I could get straight to the people. The firm have given me quite a free hand in many interesting directions, and I can show them that their confidence is well placed.' It was human that he should add, seeing that I had warned him against the continuance of his letter-writing habit—'They may want me to write to the Press on encyclopædic subjects.'

I found the scope imposing, and he held that his system would bear the necessary expansion. I bade him for heaven's sake to be

careful and to remember that he had had a lesson, but, even while he nodded an assent, he wore the air of one who had not profited.

Mrs. Noyes also came to thank me. She was grateful but gloomy. 'You've saved us,' she said, 'but it will be more letter-writing than ever. He's enlarging his system. The office has put in the telephone for us. He spends half the night worrying at his index books, and gives himself such airs as—well . . .' she broke off, adding, 'I think he's mad.'

There now ensued a short period when I saw Noyes only occasionally, and I noted with pleasure, as accruing to my own credit, that he was wearing again his former air of contentment. Probably his hours were less rigorous than they had been; certainly they were less regular, for he made no longer an inevitable appearance to catch the wonted train. Whenever we met on the platform he would give me a reassuring nod, and he would now and again address me, saying that he found his work congenial. He continued to buy journals, but he took an early opportunity to explain to me that the firm reimbursed him, and that it was by their instructions that he approached editors with more assiduity than ever.

'My system has proved to be very useful to them,' he explained. 'My indexes cover so much ground. Of course their first care is the preparation of the new encyclopædia; they are calling it "The Compleat Intelligencer." I have written several letters suitable to the pages of different popular organs in which I have referred to the new venture in fitting words, giving interesting examples of the use of the archaic word "compleat" in literary productions. Some of the letters have been published and have given the firm much pleasure. Sometimes the advertisement departments of the papers have approached the firm to solicit support, but the firm is generally reluctant to buy publicity. Spontaneous sympathy is much more gratifying and more valuable.'

'And cheaper,' I interjected.

'There is that,' he admitted, 'but I much prefer that my communications should stand on their merits. I myself have never been paid for my public work, and should resent its being paid for in any form.' Here he became very stiff and proud.

I remember to have thought that prosperity was not going to be wholly good for him, and Mrs. Noyes, by her manner, appeared to share this sentiment when we exchanged a few words in the street,

but she contented herself with saying that he was writing more and more letters, and that 'she didn't know.' She shook her head, and conveyed that she had forebodings.

Her instinct proved correct, for within a week or two of my meeting with his wife Noyes had again encompassed his own ruin ; and the sensation caused by the publication of the Cassalonga letter was rivalled by that which followed the giving away of the carefully guarded anonymity of the Caxton Correspondence. The Cassalonga revelations had been employed so immediately in Parliamentary dialectics that the public came quickly to regard the episode as a not unusual example of front-bench quarrelling, and it was dismissed by many, in the spirit of Noyes himself, as of purely political consequence. Election agents might know that the wretched affair would emerge into publicity at contested elections, and Parliamentarians would long remember the furious debates about the 'Arithmeticus' letter, but general society soon ceased to remember the sensation.

The disclosure by the *Scrutator* of the authorship of the Caxton Correspondence, a second sensation brought about by Noyes in that passion for publicity which it had now become his paid duty to indulge, appealed to more popular sentiment. The announcement that the tolerant, scurrilous and openly feminist social diary, which had set thousands speculating as to its authorship during its serial appearance in an illustrated weekly paper, was being written by the Professor of International Law at a famous university, and one whose every gesture, whether in deed, word or script, exemplified rigidity of morals and acceptance of established order, proved a real shock. For the Caxton Correspondence held up to amused contempt each principle, tenet, and sentiment for which the Professor stood, and stood in a prominent way. The cynical were amused and the serious were outraged ; the dichotomous author was furious and so were the publishers of each half of his works. The Professor in his ethical propaganda, issued in expensive tomes by Noyes's firm, aimed at something of the proud status of a Jeremy Bentham, and had succeeded so far as to be acclaimed in academic circles as the most learned of our jurists. He valued highly the fame obtained by his sympathetic attitude towards foreign peoples, and in his tractates he would arraign his countrymen at the bar of a lofty moral court for their class intolerance, indocility, levity, and racial pride. And he did all this very solemnly. So that the revelation that he was the creator of the Caxton Correspondence

amounted to a public confession that his austerity was a sham. For in these articles international leagues were held up to contempt, and the British were begged to concentrate upon their grand heritage of freedom, and to find that that freedom was actually demonstrated when moral restraints were set aside. The articles were illogical and ill-natured, but the easy mastery of language, the wide range of reference, and the close familiarity with many provinces of life which they exhibited, made for their open-mouthed consumption, and their monthly appearance was awaited by many readers and received with extravagant praise or bitter blame. Their authorship had been fiercely debated from the day when the first article appeared, and collections in volume form had proved best-sellers when handled by an enterprising Anglo-American House. Thus the *Scrutator*, assuming the correctness of its surmise, had smashed the reputation of a philosopher and also threatened two fountains of money with drought.

The revelation was but a few hours old when I learned to whom the public, through the medium of the *Scrutator*, owed its latest excitement. I had returned from work and was engaged actually in reading in an evening paper some unrestrained censure of the Professor as one who had shocked the literary world by his shameless duplicity, when Noyes was announced. He brought with him a letter which he had received from the firm as he was leaving the office that evening, and which ordered him to absent himself the following morning from his ordinary duties, and wait on the managing director to explain his unpardonable action in revealing to the editor of the *Scrutator* the secret of the authorship of the Caxton Correspondence. He was jaunty, and assured me that it was an entire mistake to suppose that he was implicated; the accusation was a preposterous one inasmuch as he had never himself known who wrote the Caxton Correspondence. He hoped that as I had been so kind in introducing him to the firm, I would speak for him, though he could hardly imagine that it would be necessary.

I felt that before the firm would make the charge there must have been something to go on, and I asked for more information. Noyes told me all that there was to tell.

It appeared that the proofs of the new volume of the Professor entitled 'International Illegalities,' which was at press, had been entrusted to Noyes in order that he might construct an index. While employed on this task, and following a course approved by his

employers, he sent a letter to the *Scrutator* designed to create interest in the forthcoming work. He was in a strong position from which to prophesy what the book would contain, but experience told him that much guile would be needed to persuade the newspaper to print his letter. He had approached his object warily, he told me, giving as his reason for writing to the newspaper the intent to point out how the desire to use foreign phrases often betrayed pretentious people into saying what they did not mean to say. He had in one of his scrap-books a list of the traps into which affectation might lure the unwary or the unlettered, and he had used this, in an insidious manner, for arriving at his real intent in addressing the editor. When setting out certain familiar errors, he had alluded to the Professor's careful avoidance of them, as also to his strictness in employing no tongue but English unless impelled by a particular aptness of meaning or economy of words. And with a view further to conceal his objects he had bracketed with the Professor in his laudatory remarks the anonymous author of the Caxton Correspondence, whom he had noticed in the course of compiling his list to be similarly well-behaved in the use of foreign tongues. He gave me a copy of his letter—'One of the best I have ever written'—and it bore out his words.

This communication was not printed, and it seemed to be unlikely that the *Scrutator* would have made its assertion, with comments that would have been unjustifiable in case of error, upon such evidence. I felt convinced that Noyes was not lying, and yet it seemed that he must have supplied the *Scrutator* with more information than he was aware of. I did not feel so certain as he appeared to be that his employers would be satisfied with his declaration of innocence, or, indeed, that absence of design was going to prove sufficient apology for the damage caused.

I looked at Noyes's complacent face, and I could see that he had no idea that any serious situation had been created. He was amused rather than irritated that he should be suspected of having revealed what he had never known, and the object of his visit was to invite me to join him in pointing out to his firm that a ridiculous error had been made. I was to join in the joke.

'I think,' said I, 'that you had better go first to the office of the *Scrutator*, and clear up what has happened,' but to this his rejoinder was merely to wonder if they would publish his letter to-morrow, for 'there are things in it which would be of the greatest educational value to the people and which ought to be spread about.

I could follow up that letter with most interesting communications, material for which is all filed under my system.'

His face began to assume the mildly rapturous aspect which would accompany allusions to 'the system,' and I decided to let him go home without imparting to him my forebodings; he went in a state of high self-satisfaction, brought about by the contemplation of his rôle as a popular instructor. But I did not share his mood, and when I had re-read the copy of his letter which he had left with me, I saw one flaw in his defence, acquitted though he might be of purposeful breach of trust. He had quoted a passage from the Professor's volume now at press, and the article in the *Scrutator* had extracted a certain phrase in support of its very positive surmise.

I prepared to interview the editor of the *Scrutator*. I had made myself responsible for Noyes, and I had a sense of approaching trouble, while I was curious to ascertain what had happened. I obtained access immediately when I stated that I had come in connexion with the Caxton Correspondence, for so provocative an article could hardly have been published without anticipation of discussion. I went straight to the point and asked who had supplied the material on which the article had been based, and the editor asked, with similar directness, what business it was of mine. I explained that a friend of my own was accused of having committed a gross breach of trust in giving information concerning the Caxton Correspondence to the *Scrutator*, that I was convinced of his innocence, and that I hoped to obtain a formal assurance to that effect, even if I could not be trusted with the name of the real delinquent. I said that my friend was in immediate risk of being discharged without a character.

'Too bad,' the editor answered, 'but if that's the just penalty I ought to discharge myself and walk out of this chair. For I am what you call the delinquent—that is to say, one of my staff, for whom I am answerable, gave me the information. But the secret lay on the surface for any intelligent critic's use.' He turned in his chair and summoned a Mr. Jenkins through an open door behind him.

'Jenkins,' he explained, as an untidy young man entered behind the largest size in spectacles, 'is the author of our crossword puzzle. Do you ever try it? No? I see that I have your sympathy in the last degradation of journalism. Jenkins was hired to assist the foreign editor, and he has persuaded me to let him publish

one—just one—crossword puzzle every week. We give prizes for its solution, but such subtlety does Jenkins display that it is never solved. He spends hours in constructing it which he is paid to occupy otherwise; he appeals for help to everyone and wastes the office time; and he believes that our circulation is largely due to his riddles. Jenkins brought me the evidence I wanted before I wrote the article; he's a bright lad, and if you will go with him he will tell you all about it.'

Whereupon the editor shook hands with me, and Mr. Jenkins led me into the adjoining room, and asked me what I wanted to know. I said that I wanted to know one thing—how did the information reach him which suggested that the famous Professor of International Law was also the author of the Caxton Correspondence. And I said that I hoped to be allowed to use anything which he could tell me in a place where it would be useful to a friend.

'The information, not which suggested but which proved the case, was obtained from the Professor under his own hand,' said Mr. Jenkins.

'He told you?' I exclaimed.

'Oh, in a way. In the same way as he has told and is telling everybody. Look at this—and this—and this,' he went on, indicating various pages in a row of books open upon the table. 'Phrase after phrase the same, same tricks, same examples, sometimes the same quotations, and absolutely identical uses of foreign languages. A letter came here alluding to this last fact. It put me on the track. I collected these books and spent a couple of hours in digging out the parallels. There's no doubt about it at all.'

'I am afraid that I can guess the author of that letter.'

'Can you? Well I was to tell you all about it, so you may have his name. It was a pestilential fellow called Noyes.'

'That's my friend.'

'Sorry,' said Jenkins. 'I dare say he's a good enough chap in private—good parent and good citizen and all that. But as far as we are concerned pestilential is the word for him. Got a mania for writing under sickening pseudonyms to any paper that's handy, about any subject that doesn't matter, in any way that isn't interesting. We don't publish his rot, of course (alas for the fame of the author of the Cassalonga letter!). But it was a letter from him that gave me the tip.'

'I've seen it,' I said. 'But there was nothing in it to support the deduction that has been made.'

I explained that Noyes knew nothing of the mystery, and was absorbed in the classification of his scrap-books.

'Mystery? There was no mystery. The whole thing simply stuck out. Of course Noyes didn't know it. He belongs to the class that never knows anything until it has been demonstrated. He knows it now. The letter was brought to me because it set out a lot of foreign quotations correctly copied from some phrase book, with the form of error frequent among writers. The sort of thing is often handed on to me for possible use in our crossword puzzle—of which we are all very proud, whatever the editor may have been telling you. The quotations were from the Caxton Correspondence and also from the writings of the Professor, the idea being to boom the old man's book. But I had an idea also, for I am, as you have just heard, a bright lad. I ran through a volume of the Caxton Correspondence and half a dozen chapters in some awful book called "Ethical Perversities," and then I knew. However, I spent some time digging out the parallels—I say, that Professor is a spiteful devil—and the similarities in argument and illustration are convincing. We can stand pat on our discovery. A pretty piece of work, but the facts ought to let your friend out. It would be a shame if he got into a row about it. I rather wish I hadn't been so damned bright.'

I listened, but I did not feel as sanguine as Mr. Jenkins. Logically Noyes could not be blamed for revealing what he had not known. It was thoroughly unlucky that one of the quotations illustrating the Professor's rigid literary accuracy had been taken from the author's proofs to which no one, save Noyes and the Professor, had had access, but the allusion had been made innocently and in accordance with the publishers' instructions to interest readers in the volume now at press. As the Professor was bursting with logicity he might be persuaded to take a lenient view; but I did not expect him to do so, for his reputation consorted with Mr. Jenkins's estimate of him. Grave mischief had been done and Noyes had been the medium. I did not hope much from the Professor's kind heart, while the publishers knew that Noyes had been discharged from Government service for a similar indiscretion.

I wrote to the publishers saying that Noyes had informed me of their demand for an explanation of the article which had appeared in the *Scrutator*, and that, as I had introduced Noyes to them, I thought it my duty to interview the editor of the *Scrutator* and verify my friend's protest of innocence. I said that Noyes could

not possibly have foreseen that a letter, which he had written on their instructions, conveyed the fatal truth.

I had better not have interfered.

That evening Noyes burst in on me.

'Sent away,' he moaned, sinking into a chair, the arm of which he clutched closely, as he strove to contract the muscles of a wretched face and to control the sobs that were rising in a convulsed gorge. When he could command his voice, he went on, the exclamations rushing out between the choking intakes of breath. 'Sent away like a dog. No notice. Turned out into the street. No character. Called a traitor. Abused. I did nothing but what I was told. I gave away no trust. How could I? I didn't know anything. Can't look my wife in the face. Can't ever see her again. She's cruel. She says I'm mad. It must end.' And he collapsed into shuddering whimpers.

There was no doubt about the man's utter misery. I took the accepted course and thrust drink upon him, while murmuring silly exhortations about 'bucking up.' Suddenly he got on to his feet, grasped the tumbler, threw it on the floor, and stamped on the fragments. Then he sat down, frightened at his own violence, and took from his pocket the article in the *Scrutator*.

'I never wrote a word of it,' he whispered. 'I sent the *Scrutator* the letter which I left with you. It would have interested the public, and I brought in the Professor's new work because that was my instruction. I told them so. They wouldn't listen. They said it was quite plain that I had betrayed their trust. They made inquiries at the *Scrutator*, but the editor refused to say anything to them. They said that your letter to them showed that I was to blame. The Professor was there, and I said that I had only called attention to a quotation in his new book which resembled something in the Caxton articles, in order to get people to talk about his book. He said I was a fool and that the publication of the book must be stopped. And the publishers said that that would cost them £2000. And the Professor said he didn't believe that. And then they all said I must go. What have I done that I should be treated so? It's the end.' And his low voice died down.

I said something or other about his going home, and meeting me the next day when his head was more clear, but he immediately burst again into violence.

'Home!' he shouted; 'I've got no home. I tried to tell my wife about it all, but she says she will leave me. There's no money for her to go away with, but she's going all the same. She says

that if I don't burn my notes and indexes she will. I expect she's trying to get at them now. It's the end.'

And suddenly he rose and went out.

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At any rate, I thought, that is the end of Noyes as far as I am concerned. I could not help him any more, nor would he ask me, for he considered that I had given his employers justification for dismissing him.

So I determined to put him out of my mind, and I succeeded as well as one ever succeeds in following that decision. His misery and his appearance haunted me, and especially his closing words were uttered with such intentness that I began to think they might be serious. True, such words were a common formula with disappointed people, while it was impossible to think of Noyes in terms of melodrama; and yet they gave me a deeper certainty of his desperation than his degrading collapse had supplied. Much manipulation of what he thought was the English language, much use of synonyms and similes of the sort which insert themselves into writing where no guard is maintained over the pen, and a deep belief in the value of certain resonant adjectives—these things had moulded Noyes's everyday speech into the pattern of his Press communications. His ordinary conversation was framed on 'the system,' and from his mouth simplicity seemed an indecent revelation. As I recalled his abrupt outpourings, I saw that I had been looking upon a naked soul, and I was unable to mock myself out of this feeling. I remember to have got up from my desk and to have said out loud 'Pooh,' exactly as I should have been expected to do on the stage. I sat down and resumed the work I was engaged upon, and I remember to have found Noyes's face on the paper in front of me, and to have laughed at the idea of associating the smooth smugness of his features with tragedy. And then I remember to have risen suddenly and rushed to his house with terror rising in me.

The front door of the house was open, and in the passage his wife stood, holding her little boy's hand and looking out into the gathering darkness.

'He's gone,' she said. 'He's just gone into the road running. I called after him, but he didn't look back.'

To my urgent questions as to the direction in which he had run her words found no reply.

'He came in a few minutes ago. He unlocked his study—he always keeps it locked now. He said, "You can burn what you like," and then he ran out into the road. Oh, I'm frightened. He's mad.'

'Which way did he go?' I repeated, when the rumbling of a train in the adjacent cutting gave me a possible clue. I strove to remember where I should obtain the quickest access to the gorge below the house. I could recall one bridge over the lines, but it would take me some minutes to reach it, and probably, I thought, precautions were taken to prevent easy trespass at so inviting a spot. I ran into the garden and followed a little path that flanked one side of the house. Down this I blundered, feeling that the fear-racked woman behind me must know the reason for my act, scrambled awkwardly over the enclosing palisade, and bumped heavily down a decline on to the metals. All the time I was saying to myself 'These things do not happen,' and all the time I knew that somewhere a man was running hard by to his death.

As I looked up and down the gloomy defile in which I found myself, lit up here and there by glimmerings from back windows, I strove to recall any reason for turning to the one hand or the other. Then a clock began to strike. I accepted its portent. Eleven o'clock it would mark, and assuredly Noyes was seeking his end beneath the wheels of that train whose habit of passing behind his house precisely at 11.3 he had extolled so often. If he had gone to meet the train I was too late. I peered through the gloom along the track on either side and saw no one. I turned in the direction which the train would follow, and there a curve in the track made the vista shorter. If he was just round the bend a chance was offered of coming upon him promptly.

The agony seemed protracted, but while I ran and as the din behind me began to beat on my ears, I found Noyes. Rather, I could discern, barely fifty yards away from me, a figure standing at the mouth of a tunnel, and as I did so the on-rushing train obliterated the vision. Two minutes later we met. He had his watch in his hand.

'That train was due to pass my house at 11.3,' he said. 'It will be four minutes late at the junction. That has never happened since I have kept my accurate watch on the traffic. I must go back and post my letter at once. It is already written.'

'I wouldn't be too hard on the railway management,' I suggested.

He did not answer, but turned aside suddenly and was violently sick. He then proceeded to ascend, by the side of the tunnel, a little footpath which debouched between two houses quite adjacent to his home.

'I go this way when I'm checking the trains,' he said, and said no more until he reached his garden gate. And then 'Good night.

I must be going in or my wife will wonder what has become of me. I always go by that path when I'm checking trains,' he repeated, and he went up the path to meet his wife, who was still standing at the open door. She was alone. Her face was deformed with its tortured muscles, and her eyes were swollen. But her voice was calm as she said 'Hurry up. You're wanted on the telephone.'

.

Any action consciously accomplished which cannot be inhibited by an effort of the will may be classed by experts as an obsession, and such parasitic fixtures on the attention of the victim lead often to mental decay. Mrs. Noyes may have been right literally in believing that her husband was mad, but my latest information reports him as cured. His cure began with the summons to the telephone.

That I learned later came from Mr. Jenkins of the *Scrutator*, who, remembering my description of Noyes's scrap-books, had thought suddenly that he could find an opening for so industrious a compiler. The result of his inspiration, fortunate for both Noyes and himself, was a scheme for the syndication of crossword puzzles, acrostics, anagrams, and similar verbal exercises, to be used by groups of newspapers and magazines which were not yet alive to the influence of such attractions upon their circulation. The project proved an immense success.

I saw Noyes once again, and he came to tell me that he was leaving our suburb. His wife, it seemed, had taken a dislike to their house, finding it too close to the railway. He added that he was employed in a congenial manner, and one which bade fair to be very remunerative. He entered into no details and left almost abruptly, and I knew that he intended never to see me again.

It was from Mr. Jenkins that I learned how profitable the alliance between himself and Noyes was proving, and how exactly Noyes's system had fitted into his plans.

'The fellow,' he explained, 'has filed and indexed all the footling things out of which our conundrums can be constructed. Our connexion expands almost weekly. Noyes does all the work and I take half the profits, which amount to more than I get from the *Scrutator*. All the work is done at Noyes's house, and my editor is very pleased with me for losing my interest in crossword puzzles. So I may get a rise at the office.'

A GERMAN VIEW OF ENGLAND IN 1784.

READERS of Moritz's 'Travels in England in 1782' may remember his friend Mr. Wendeborn, minister of the German church in Ludgate Hill, whose friendship added much to the pleasure of Moritz's stay in London. Some fourteen years older than Moritz, with twelve years' experience of London behind him and a good knowledge of English which had enabled him to publish a German Grammar and Exercises for English students, he was able to give him guidance and advice in his sight-seeing. Born in the Duchy of Magdeburg in 1742, and educated at an orphan school and at several German universities, he had come to London from Hamburg as a candidate for the post of minister to a German church in Trinity Lane, and after he had failed to be appointed there or at St. Mary's in the Savoy, his friends provided him with a place of worship in Ludgate Hill, where he ministered for twenty years. During a great part of this time he wrote articles for the *Hamburg Correspondent*. In 1780, the year of the Gordon Riots, he published his 'Beiträge zur Kenntniss Gross-Britanniens,' as a guide to visitors from Germany. This he expanded some years later (1784-88) into a much larger book in four volumes, containing a full account of the constitution and trade of Great Britain, and the state of its religion, learning, and science ('Der Zustand des Staats, der Religion, der Gelehrsamkeit und der Kunst in Gross-Britannien gegen Ende des 18ten. Jahrhunderts'). This appeared in an English dress in two volumes in 1794 under the title 'A View of England towards the Close of the Eighteenth Century.' The translation, by Wendeborn himself, is well written; but as the English version leaves out many interesting points of comparison with Germany, the extracts which follow are translated from the ampler German edition. A few words, however, may be quoted from the Preface to the English version, dated November 16, 1790, which bears on its title-page the quotation from Othello, 'Speak of me as I am.'

In this Preface he speaks of himself as having given up his ministry 'that he might conclude the remainder of his days in a philosophical independence and a literary retirement'; he finally left England for Germany in 1793, and lived there till 1811. The interchange of travellers between England and Germany at this

period was frequent, and Wendeborn thought that many Germans who paid hurried visits had produced superficial and often too favourable accounts of England, and was determined 'to confine himself strictly within the boundaries of truth and impartiality.' His own testimony, he declares, was always based on personal inquiry and experience. His account of the religious situation could not otherwise have been compiled. It is wonderfully complete, and puts to shame the average English churchman's knowledge of his 'nonconforming' fellow-countrymen even to-day.¹ Writing of Priestley's book, 'A View of the Principles and Conduct of the Protestant Dissenters,' he says with some sarcasm, 'If his book has no other merit it may be read as a traveller's guide by Episcopal Churchmen, to make them acquainted with the ways and manners of Dissenters, of which they know very little.' His general view of religious questions is that of a broadminded Christian who cares more for conduct than for creeds, and is ready to see good in whatever community he finds it. Writing of two Arians put to death for their opinions in James II's reign, he says :

'It was thought that this sacrifice was due to the Father of mankind, whose honour was offended by these opinions. And, as that benevolent Being did not regard them as criminals and visit them with punishment, people who called themselves orthodox laid hands on their brethren and put them to death, to show that they understood the demands of justice better than the God of heaven and earth.'

He is not surprised at the progress of Methodism when he sees 'the slackness, levity, and indifference of the English clergy,' and he appreciates the merits of the Quakers. It is interesting to find that he thought the Scottish clergy of the time far superior to the English both in general scholarship and in theological learning.

The book contains among other things statistics on trade, population, etc., which required some industry to collect, but the chief interest of it now lies in its estimate of English character and of the strong and weak points of English education. He had made a careful study both of Schools and Universities. His account of Westminster School and the prestige of its scholars shows that his knowledge was more than superficial.

¹ The present writer remembers how Mr. Gladstone, on a famous visit to Oxford, listened eagerly to Dr. Fairbairn's account of the history of the Unitarian churches in England, which was entirely new to him.

'It would be a mistake to think that these boys, King's Scholars "on the foundation," are the children of poor men. Not at all! Among them are sons of the noblest and richest men in England. Not poverty, but talent and industry are the recommendations for a King's Scholar. As King's Scholars have a good name for Ability, many noblemen's sons enter for the examination by which they are chosen. As eight Scholars leave every year (four for Christ Church and four for Trinity), and there are accidental vacancies besides, the Dean of Westminster, who is generally the Bishop of Rochester of the day, comes to the school with other men of ability who are responsible for its management, to examine those who wish to be chosen for the vacant places. It is honour, then, and not economy that makes the sons of men of rank compete, especially as a certain dignity and other advantages are attached to their Scholarships at the University.'

The chief defect he finds in English schools is the scanty number of teachers—a defect which, alas, still clings to our elementary schools to-day. Then it was found in all schools.

Writing of Christ's Hospital, he says :

'There are three classes in the boys' school, one in which Latin, and if I am not mistaken, Greek also is taught, a mathematical class, and a writing class. The girls in their school are taught reading, writing, and sewing. Though the number of boys taught here is large they have only three masters, one who teaches Latin and Greek, with an assistant, a mathematical master, and a writing master. This defect of an inadequate supply of teachers is one I have come across in most English schools. The boys are not supervised properly, and cannot possibly receive the instruction appropriate to their different capacities.'

This comment, it must be remembered, was made before Bell and Lancaster had attempted to meet the difficulty by their new methods.

On the other hand, Wendeborn is fully alive to the merits of English schools, for their simplicity of life and dress and their training of character. English schools, he says, have two great merits :

'First, boys of all classes wear their hair merely combed and brushed back a little, but without being dressed or powdered. . . . I could wish that this laudable habit were copied in Germany, where the boys are taught early to admire the follies of France. Secondly, to bring them up naturally they are dressed as lightly

as possible, so far as the climate allows. Many children, even of the upper class, wear no stockings up till the age of three, but only shoes. Their waistcoats are not buttoned over the chest and they are allowed to go without a stock and with their shirt collar quite open, so that they can breathe freely, and, if I may say so, draw the breath of freedom unhindered from childhood. This gives them a natural and easy carriage and they move without constraint; whereas abroad it is too much the custom to dress children like Egyptian mummies and make them stiff and awkward in their clothes. While the English boy jumps into bed in his plain shirt open at the neck, it is often the practice in Germany to send children to bed dressed as if they were going for a drive on a coach in cold weather.' ¹

And again :

'I should like to make one more remark on English boarding-schools. They concern themselves more with social life than with learning and are more valuable for that reason. The wiser masters in them take more pains to make boys capable than to make them learned, and try rather to develop a boy's natural abilities than to stuff his brains with useless things, which they call learning. I regard this as one of the reasons why Englishmen more than other people are conspicuous for the sound judgment which appears in their opinions, and their way of thinking and writing.'

When he comes to discuss the Universities it is clear that his admiration of College buildings at Oxford and Cambridge, and of the opportunities of College life does not blind him to what he considers the waste of financial resources, and the futility of expecting one or two tutors to cover all branches of knowledge.

'The Universities are arranged on the old monastic lines, and it is surprising that in a nation which counts itself so wise, reforms are not devised to get rid of the useless elements which every man of sense can see at a glance, and make more useful arrangements. Not only is there abundant material and opportunity, but the endowments are so considerable that it would be possible to carry out very large and admirable plans for the advancement of science and learning, if the people of the country were not so much attached to

¹ I have noticed the same thing on board ship. If an English sailor is ordered to climb aloft in stormy weather, the words are hardly out of the captain's mouth before the sailor throws his hat and wig, if he wears them, on deck, and is soon half-way up the mast, while the German or Dutch sailor wastes a good deal of time tying on his hat or cap, buttoning his coat, and measuring the height of the mast with his eyes.

old institutions. Certain people, who enjoy them as they are, to the disadvantage of society as a whole, would protest against any changes which might threaten their greed, their comfort, and their assumed dignity, as a crime and a betrayal. The Universities are very closely connected with the dominant Episcopal Church. This Church supports the State and the State protects it, because it must have its friendship. And so, to the comfort of all three, they remain happy and unchanged.'

He took a special interest in the activities of the Royal Society because its first secretary was a German, but he cannot refrain from criticising its parsimony :

'In the Transactions of the Royal Society is the life of Henry Oldenberg of Bremen, its first secretary. Honourable, learned, and industrious, he affords a proof how little hope a foreigner can have of making his fortune among Englishmen by learning, or of winning a reward if he has worked for their reputation. Had he been a foreign fiddler or dancer he might have looked forward to honour much sooner. Without doubt Oldenberg did a great deal to spread the fame of the Society abroad. His industry in its service and his correspondence for it were quite extraordinary. Yet he did not get more than £40 for his trouble. No one thought of promoting him, and he tells us that he had to support his family on a miserable £100 a year, £60 of which was the income of a property which came to him with his wife.'

In the same spirit he makes fun of the English tax on imported books, and tells an amusing story of Newton :

'This wise and learned nation have resolved to fix the duty on imported books by their weight. A heavy thick folio counts for more at the Customs than any octavo, however wise or learned. This reminds me of a true story of Newton. A foreign savant had invented a mathematical instrument, from which Newton expected great things. The man of science sent one of his instruments as a gift to the Royal Society. Newton, then President of the Royal Society, was so delighted to hear of its arrival, that he went to the Custom House to get it. It had to pay tax in proportion to its value, and when one of the officers asked him what it was worth, he answered with some warmth, "Do you think I can determine its value? It is of infinite value." As the instrument was a present and had never been on sale, the officers valued it themselves, and much higher than the Royal Society would have done. The duty had to be paid, and the Society agreed never to entrust its Custom House business to Newton again.'

In spite of the brutal side of English life, the delight in bull-baiting, and public executions and the like, he finds that English education produces manners which are a happy mean between the superficial ease of the Frenchman and the awkward shyness of the German. Englishmen, however, must not be judged from London alone, from the frequenters of coffee-houses and theatres. 'The further you go from London, the purer you find both air and manners: the people are more polite, agreeable, and sociable.'

It is a mistake to think that the English are a melancholy people. They love their pleasures; artisans and apprentices alike are all for holidays, and all classes are full of curiosity, credulity, and the love of new things. It is the Paradise of quacks and charlatans. 'I verily believe they are quite unable to sit still.' They are capable of good talk, but 'it often happens in a company of English people that talk and jest cease and are followed by a pause of silence, when everybody looks solemn.' 'This,' he adds, 'they are themselves aware of and call it an English conversation.'

He comments on the national pride of the English, their contempt for foreigners and their institutions, and their conviction 'that there is nothing so splendid as a vast half-cooked round of beef and a ten-pound plum-pudding,' and he thinks that their taste in wine is not more discriminating than in food. His account has some historical value:

'Nearly every sort of red wine is to be had in London: the commonest is port, and to my mind it is that which goes best with English food. It is stronger than the French wines, and for this reason is thought to be better for digesting strong meat. If genuine, it is mixed with very little brandy; there must be some, to counteract the sea voyage. The bad wines which are often sold in taverns and coffee houses as Portuguese wines, often do not deserve the name, as they are made in England and have not a drop of port in them. In taverns and coffee houses most of the profit is made on the wine. The price of a bottle of port is half a crown: you can easily guess what a profit there is if the wine is made in England and has paid no duty. White Portuguese wines generally sell for the same price as red. But as the English are not great connoisseurs, raisin-wine adulterated with a great deal of sugar is often sold in its place. Many Englishmen drink white French wine for old Rhenish, and in the houses of the nobility, where genuine old Rhenish is to be found, many put sugar in it, to make it, as they think, more palatable. I may mention by the way that they call Rhenish "old Hock," which is short for "old Hochheimer," for they

pronounce *ch* as *ck* and drop the *heim*. Rhinewine, like all French wine, is very dear because of the high duty. Perhaps this is one reason why the country is pretty free from the trifling Anacreontic poets, who write of nothing but wine and love, and therefore I refrain from saying anything against this merciless duty. The French wines, especially the red, which is called here "claret," if you get them genuine, are of the best quality, for everywhere in France the best wines are selected for England, because the English pay the best prices. Very good madeira can be had here, and the best madeira is thought to be that which has travelled to the East Indies and back.'

He is pleased with the social equality which springs from the English sense of freedom :

'The Englishman knows that his countrymen are free as he is and have intelligence and can think for themselves. That is why an English general, returning to his country victorious from a campaign, assumes no airs and is no more conceited than before ; a Lord Clive who has seen Moguls and Nabobs humble themselves before him, and was a despot in the East, is no more than any other Englishman, and the man before whom India bowed saw himself obliged to humble himself before his fellow-citizens because he knew that they did not think as Indians did. In England men ask for reasons, and an Englishman is glad to pay attention to reasonable arguments.'

Above all, the solid sense and trustworthiness of our countrymen appeal to him :

'The company of an Englishman is by no means so lively and ingratiating as that of some other people, but I like him best of all. If an Englishman speaks less he often talks more sense in ten words than others in a hundred. If he assures me with a word and a grasp of the hand that he is my friend I trust his word more than any number of idle compliments.'

And again :

'Most Englishmen are honourable and straightforward, and I can say without meaning offence to any other nation, that if I had to trust a stranger in a moment of crisis or danger, I should give the Englishman the preference.'

Much as he admires English freedom and the comparative equality among classes, he is fully alive to the inconsistencies of English life ; the existence of the press-gang in spite of professed

'liberty of the subject'; the contrast between pocket boroughs and the large number of populous towns which are unrepresented in Parliament. On the whole, what strikes the reader in this book is the open mind of the writer and his sane judgment of men and things. His biographer tells us that he made the acquaintance of many men of letters: Robertson, the historian, who got him made a doctor of laws of Edinburgh, Hume, Adam Smith, Gibbon, and Priestley. That he appreciated his life in England there is no question. 'London,' he writes, 'is beyond doubt the best "high school" in the world and a foreigner who has spent a few years there as a diligent and attentive observer, if only he has brains and sympathy, will get rid of many old prejudices and make many new and pleasant discoveries in the domain of truth.' Not the least element in his enjoyment of England was his love of English gardens. Stowe, then a great place of resort, the Leasowes, Hagley, and Kew—he knows them all and understands the charm of English gravel and turf and the winding paths and vistas of the landscape gardeners of the time. He carried with him, it is clear, into his retirement in Germany, many pleasant memories of English men and manners and a discriminating admiration for the English character. Few visitors in the eighteenth century took such pains to understand England, and perhaps none made himself so intelligently at home among us.

P. E. MATHESON.

DAUD.

BY C. S. DURST.

THE Rest House at Parit is a pleasant place ; it stands a couple of hundred yards from the main road, and to the few travellers who pass that way its existence might remain unknown but for a board set up by the roadside, since it is reached only by a twisting track through virgin jungle. For that very reason it is a pleasant place, unlike most Rest Houses, which stand gaunt and staring and dust-covered from the passing traffic. But that is not the only charm of Parit. The river runs on the far side of the *kebun* and one passes down to it through an orchard of fruit-trees where the birds twitter as the sun draws to westward.

And any traveller who stops at that Rest House will find his feet leading him through the orchard when the sun's heat is waning, for the river bathing is some of the best that can be found. Round the washing raft that is moored to the bank the water runs deep and so clear that the fish can be seen swimming lazily this way and that. The raft is hidden from the house by the fruit-trees, so that one can slip off one's *sarong* and *baju* and plunge into the cool water. Up and down the pool of the river one can swim in a green reflection of trees, and the waters lap along the bank and under the raft with a lazy sound, till one forgets the hot work of the day and it would seem all life were made of the pure pleasure of swimming for ever in the mountain-cooled stream.

I had bathed and was enjoying the glorious freshness of sitting with the cool breeze fanning in through the open neck of my *baju* and the cool water lapping round my bare feet. The air was filled with silence, except that somewhere in the jungle across the stream a lizard scuttered on a dry leaf.

At length I turned my head, thinking I must be going back to the Rest House. At the top of the bank stood a small boy staring down on me with great round black eyes that were almost mesmeric in their depth. I returned his gaze and broke the silence.

'Tabek,' I said.

'Tabek, Tuan,' he replied, still staring with his solemn eyes.

'What is your name ?' I asked.

'Daud,' he said.

I asked him where he lived. He was son of a policeman up at the village half a mile away. We made friends. He was strangely un-shy, and at the same time oddly grown-up in his

Daud held out a banana to him ; he seized it and sat up on his haunches, munching.

Daud leant towards me, whispering.

'The ones who answered are coming now,' he said.

There was a crashing in the trees, and they arrived and sat in rows on the top of the bank, jabbering at us.

'Listen ; they are talking of you,' whispered the boy.

I looked at him. 'Do you understand their language too ?' I asked.

He shook his head. 'No, they talk too quick, but they understand me.' Then, pointing to one, he commanded 'Stand up, you.' The animal reared itself up. 'Now, come here.' It came and took the banana held out—took it without snatching. 'Now go and tell that lady to bring her baby to show the Tuan.' The animal slipped through the fruit-trees.

'Keep very still,' whispered Daud.

There was a pause, two monkeys busy a-hunting in one another's fur fell to quarrelling and were stilled at a word from the boy.

Then she came—timorously—peeping round the tree trunks. I held my breath—had I been able, I would have stopped my very heart's beat. She took a step or two forward and stood, her muscles alert to spring away. On her back was a white ball, its arms encircling her neck, for all the world a baby pick-a-back on its mother.

'Come here,' said Daud, scarcely above a whisper. She trembled. 'Come.' Daud rose to his feet, yet not a monkey stirred. He held out a banana to her, but she was too timorous. He took three steps up the bank, and the banana was almost in her reach. Was the miracle going to happen, and would he touch her child ?

Then suddenly they were gone. From the direction of the Rest House had come the bark of a dog, and they vanished.

Daud turned his solemn eyes on me. 'Habis,' he said ; then he too was gone.

It was as though I had awakened from a dream : only up stream I saw the swaying tree tops and the brown forms swinging from branch to branch across the river. Once or twice I caught a glimpse of something white clinging to its mother. Then the tree tops ceased swaying and, growing fainter and fainter, I heard Daud's friends calling to one another : 'Ha—ha—ha-ha-ha—ha-ha—ha-ha-ha.'

JOHNSON IN GRUB STREET.

GRUB STREET is one of that group of place-names which remain in literary currency long after their topographical significance has vanished.

Johnson himself, though he deemed himself more competent than anyone else to write a history of Grub Street, confessed to Miss Burney that he had never visited the locality ; and, without consulting Birkbeck Hill or some other work of reference, few Johnsonians, and still fewer topographers, would be able to mark its position on an eighteenth-century map of London. It was, in fact, situated between Fore Street (near Cripplegate) and Chiswell Street.

But for the modern reader the associations of the words 'Grub Street' are literary rather than topographical. At once they recall to him Goldsmith :

'The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire :
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board :
A nightcap decked his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day.

Or Johnson himself :

'Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes
And pause awhile from letters, to be wise ;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

Or Fielding :

'BOOKWEIGHT : Fie upon it, gentlemen ! What, not at your pens ? Do you consider, Mr. Quibble, that it is a fortnight since your Letter to a Friend in the Country was published ? Is it not high time for an Answer to come out ? At this rate, before your Answer is printed, your Letter will be forgot. I love to keep a controversy up warm. I have had authors who have writ a pamphlet in the morning, answered it in the afternoon, and answered that again at night.

'QUIBBLE: I will be as expeditious as possible: but it is harder to write on this side the question, because it is the wrong side.

'BOOKWEIGHT: Not a jot. So far on the contrary, that I have known some authors choose it as the properest to show their genius. . . . Let it be finished with all speed. Well, Mr. Dash, have you done that murder yet?

'DASH: Yes, sir, the murder is done; I am only about a few moral reflections to place before it.

'BOOKWEIGHT: Very well: then let me have the ghost finished by this day se'nnight.

'DASH: What sort of a ghost would you have this, sir? The last was a pale one.

'BOOKWEIGHT: Then let this be a bloody one. . . . So, Mr. Index, what news with you?

'INDEX: I have brought my bill, sir.

'BOOKWEIGHT: What's here? For fitting the motto of *Risum teneatis Amici* to a dozen pamphlets, at sixpence each, six shillings; for *Omnia vincit Amor et nos cedamus Amori*, sixpence; for *Difficile est Satyram non scribere*, sixpence. Hum! hum! hum! sum total for thirty-six Latin mottoes, eighteen shillings; ditto English, one shilling and ninepence; ditto Greek four—four shillings. These Greek mottoes are excessively dear.

'INDEX: If you have them cheaper at either of the universities, I will give you mine for nothing.'

Or again, the phrase may bring with it a recollection of Pendennis' early days in London—a Grub Street softened and sweetened with essence of early Victorian sentiment:

"Now boy, here's a chance for you. Turn me off a copy of verses to this."

"What's this? A Church Porch—A lady entering it, and a youth out of a wine-shop window ogling her—What the deuce am I to do with it?"

"Try," said Warrington. "Earn your livelihood for once, you who so long to do it."

"Well, I will try," said Pen.

"And I'll go out to dinner," said Warrington.

'When Warrington came home that night, at a very late hour, the verses were done. "There they are," said Pen, "I've screwed 'em out at last. I think they'll do."

"I think they will," said Warrington.' . . .

(Shortly afterwards the verses are accepted by Mr. Bacon, who gives Pen a cheque.)

"Thank God! thank God!" cried Arthur. "I needn't be a charge upon the old mother. I can pay off Laura now. I can get my own living. I can make my own way."

"I can marry the Grand Vizier's daughter: I can purchase a house in Belgrave Square: I can build a fine castle in the air!" said Warrington, pleased with the other's exultation. "Well, you may get bread and cheese, Pen: and I own it tastes well, the bread which you earn yourself."

This is Grub Street as seen from the bow-window of a club in St. James's Street. We are spiritually nearer to the early life of Samuel Johnson in that saddest of all novels which deal with the career of letters—George Gissing's '*New Grub Street*,' a moving tale, terrible in its reality, of the Vanity of Literary Wishes. It is not surprising to find Johnson quoted more than once in '*The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*,' and the Grub Street pictured in that book is the Grub Street which Johnson knew:

'I see that alley hidden on the west side of Tottenham Court Road, where, after living in a back bedroom on the top floor, I had to exchange for the front cellar; there was a difference, if I remember rightly, of sixpence a week, and sixpence, in those days, was a very great consideration—why, it meant a couple of meals. . . . The front cellar was stone-floored; its furniture was a table, a chair, a wash-stand, and a bed; the window, which of course had never been cleaned since it was put in, received light through a flat grating in the alley above. Here I lived; here I *wrote*. Yes, "literary work" was done at that filthy deal table, on which, by-the-bye, lay my Homer, my Shakespeare, and the few other books I then possessed. . . .'

Then follows a passage which would have seemed less familiar to Johnson:

'I recall a tragi-comical incident of life at the British Museum. Once, on going down into the lavatory to wash my hands, I became aware of a notice newly set up above the row of basins. It ran somehow thus: "Readers are requested to bear in mind that these basins are to be used only for casual ablutions." Oh, the significance of that description! Had I not myself, more than once, been glad to use this soap and water more largely than the sense of the authorities contemplated? And there were poor fellows working under the great dome, whose need, in this respect, was greater than mine. I laughed heartily at the notice, but it meant so much.'

'Sir,' we may imagine Johnson's comment might have been, 'if an ablution be not casual, I suspect it to be superfluous.'

But apart from the later associations of the phrase, Johnson, on his arrival in London in 1737, was brought into direct contact with the name of Grub Street. It was a name, indeed, of fairly disreputable antiquity and was said to have been associated first with certain

'Literary Guides who, for the cheapness and obscurity of lodgings, resided in Grub Street, in the seditious times of King Charles I, and from these garrets and cellars dispersed those false reports and reasonings, which were very instrumental in stirring up the people at last to a rebellion. And though some of those original Grubeans made themselves most remarkably infamous for want of integrity, by wilfully publishing what they knew to be false; yet many of them shewed as great a deficiency in parts and learning by writing in a very low manner, adapted only to the taste of the vulgar. From these genuine productions of Grub Street the same appellation has been by degrees extended to all Pieces of the like nature in which bad matter has been expressed in a bad manner, in what soil soever they have been produced.'

Such is the explanation given in the Preface to the 'Memoirs of the Society of Grub Street,' published in the very year of Johnson's entry into the literary underworld of London. These Memoirs contain a selection of the papers which had appeared in *The Grub Street Journal*, founded in 1730 and principally designed to pour ridicule upon bad authors and their works. The promoters of the journal were themselves far removed from Grub Street hacks: John Martyn was a Fellow of the Royal Society, an author of many medical and botanical works, a Virgilian commentator, and shortly to become Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge; Richard Russell was a learned physician and author of various medical works.

Martyn signed himself 'Bavius'; Russell, 'Maevius'; with their colleagues they met once a week at the Pegasus, a 'real house in Grub Street,' and based their claim to be competent editors on 'a good fund of integrity' and 'a competent stock of knowledge.'

For some years *The Grub Street Journal* (of which the best papers may be read in the 'Memoirs of the Society of Grub Street,' published in 1737) had a good sale. But it was shortly confronted by a serious competitor, namely, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and it was through *The Gentleman's Magazine* that Samuel Johnson was first introduced to Grub Street.

In the first volume of Johnson Club Papers there is one written by the late A. W. Hutton, entitled 'Dr. Johnson and the Gentleman's Magazine.' The main object of this very witty and delightful essay was to show that the bulk of the literary contributions to that journal are 'only precious in the sense of being precious nonsense.' There is, indeed, plentiful evidence in support of this, but the question is not strictly relevant to a review of Johnson's career as a literary adventurer in his earliest years in London. When he arrived with twopence-halfpenny and a half-written tragedy in his pocket, Johnson was almost without a friend. He had an introduction to Mr. Colson, a mathematical schoolmaster, but even Boswell has to confess that how he employed himself on his first coming to London is not particularly known.

'With little assistance of the learned and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academick bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow.'

The familiar words from the Preface to the Dictionary suggest in dignified and pathetic outline the picture of Johnson in Grub Street. That the detail of the picture is not perfectly filled in is not the fault of James Boswell. Boswell, who first met Johnson eight years after the publication of the Dictionary, was dependent upon others for the record of the Grub Street period, and those others had not the Boswellian gifts either of observation or description.

Still, we know certain facts. While still resident amongst the boobies of Birmingham Johnson had become familiar with the newly founded *Gentleman's Magazine*, of which the first number appeared in 1731; and on November 25, 1734, he addressed a letter to Edward Cave in which he expressed the opinion that the public would appreciate the inclusion in the magazine of short literary dissertations in Latin or English in preference to low jests, awkward buffoonery and dull scurrilities; at the same time indicating his own willingness to 'undertake, on reasonable terms, sometimes to fill a column.' It may be added that Johnson had been encouraged to regard Cave as a generously-minded editor by his recent offer of a prize of £50 for the best poem on 'Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell.'

Though Cave acknowledged the letter, Johnson does not appear as a contributor to *The Gentleman's Magazine* until 1738, the year after his arrival in London. In the March number there appeared

the ode *Ad Urbanum*, and in April a couplet addressed to Richard Savage. It is not without significance that Johnson's first two contributions to the most popular journal of the time were contributions written in Latin verse.

It is also characteristic that Sir John Hawkins (the man who might have written a real history of Johnson in Grub Street) feels it necessary to explain and justify at some length Johnson's decision to write for money :

'It evidently appears [he writes] that he had entertained a resolution to depend for a livelihood upon what he should be able, either in the way of original composition, or translation, or in editing the works of celebrated authors, to procure by his studies, and, in short to become an author by profession ; an occupation, which, though it may, in some views of it, be deemed mercenary, as adapting itself to particular occasions and conjunctures, nay, to the interests, passions and prejudices, and even humours of mankind, has yet some illustrious examples, at least in our times, to justify it. It is true that many persons distinguish between those writings which are the effect of a natural impulse of genius, and those other that owe their existence to interested motives, and, being the offspring of another parent, may, in some sense, be said to be illegitimate. . . .'

So writes Sir John, in his heaviest manner, of the alleged contrast between 'literature for literature's sake' and 'writing for bread.' But Johnson soon disillusioned him :

'Johnson [he goes on] knew of no such distinction and would never acquiesce in it when made by others ; on the contrary, I have, more than once, heard him assert, that he knew of no genuine motive for writing, other than necessity.'

Hawkins was so astonished at this declaration of the Grub Street faith that he returned to the subject in a later part of his narrative. Few, he says, could be persuaded to yield to Johnson's frank assertion. Some apology is still necessary for it, and Hawkins justifies it on three grounds : Johnson's want of a profession, the pressure of his necessities, and the example of such predecessors as Fuller, Howell and Dryden.

It is worth noting that the first defence of Johnson is that of lack of a profession. Sir John Hawkins no doubt expresses the view of the eighteenth-century gentleman in regarding writing as a graceful *parergon* for the leisured hours of a clergyman, a statesman, a doctor or a lawyer. But literature as a profession—it was a contradiction in terms.

Johnson would indeed have admitted that his way of life, or rather of earning a living, was a *pis aller*; he had failed as a school-master, and the lack of a degree, as well as lack of money, debarred him from entering one of the learned professions. But with that magnificent realism which is one of his greatest qualities he faced the prospect of Grub Street without illusion and without a whine. Melancholy indeed was always at his side, but he knew himself for what he was—an unknown and impecunious adventurer in literature. He knew that fame would only come to him if he could contrive to please the public; he knew that the public would never hear of him unless he could contrive to please the editors and the booksellers, that is, the publishers; he knew that even after the public had begun to hear of him and to describe his first poem as the work of an author 'even greater than Pope,' he must still keep the wolf from the door by the daily routine of journalism; he knew that the booksellers were not to blame (they were, he said, generous, liberal-minded men), but when their whips cracked he must needs obey—'a child is whipp'd and gets his task and there's an end on't.'

It is more fitting, then, to admire Johnson's courage in Grub Street than to grow sentimental in pity for the drudgery which was his lot.

Edward Cave, whose paper was rapidly gaining popularity and triumphing over its rivals, no doubt treated Johnson at first with an air of patronage.

'Meaning [as Hawkins says] to dazzle him with the splendour of some of those luminaries in literature who favoured him with their correspondence, he told him that, if he would in the evening, be at a certain ale-house in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, he might have a chance of seeing Mr. Browne and another or two of the persons mentioned. . . . Johnson accepted the invitation; and being introduced by Cave, dressed in a loose horseman's coat, and such a great bushy uncombed wig as he constantly wore, to the sight of Mr. Browne, whom he found sitting at the upper end of a long table, in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, had his curiosity gratified.'

Moses Browne and the rest of Cave's lieutenants were indeed a curious party. Browne was the senior contributor. Originally a pencutter, he is said to have fed the magazine with 'many a nourishing morsel.' An editor of Izaak Walton, he displayed especial skill in piscatory eclogues. He had, moreover, religious tendencies and, having taken Holy Orders, published a devotional

manual entitled 'Sunday Thoughts.' Johnson read them 'with cold approbation.' He had a great mind, he said, to publish Monday Thoughts.

Amongst the rest of the company was Foster Webb, formerly a city clerk. Webb delighted in the composition of poetical enigmas, but being exhorted in the number of October 1740, to

'Burst through the gloom and brighten into fame,'

he transferred his talent to the translation of Ovid and Horace. He was, says Hawkins, 'a modest, ingenious and sober young man ; but a consumption defeated the hopes of his friends, and took him off in the twenty-second year of his age.'

Other contributors were John Canton, who wrote mathematical papers and afterwards became a Fellow of the Royal Society ; William Rider, a versifier who was later appointed Sur-master of St. Paul's School ; Adam Calamy, who wrote essays in polemical theology and republican politics over the signature 'A Consistent Protestant.' No record survives, alas ! of any conversation between Johnson and this redoubtable controversialist who must surely have provoked Johnson to use the butt-end of his pistol ; but there was a Calamy who bought four lots of books, including Warburton's Sermons, at the sale of Johnson's library in 1785.

How did Johnson fare in this company ? Cave, says Hawkins, in one terrible, damning sentence, 'had no great relish for mirth, but he could bear it' ; and though Johnson regarded his mental faculties as slow and more than once attempted to escape from the drudgery of authorship, he realised that so long as he was in Grub Street, the patronage of Edward Cave was the most serviceable he was likely to obtain. Accordingly he contributed a miscellany of epigrams, essays, prefaces and biographies. More bulky in content were the Parliamentary Debates for which Johnson shortly became solely responsible. These were written

'at those seasons when he was able to raise his imagination to such a pitch of fervour as bordered upon enthusiasm, which, that he might the better do, his practice was to shut himself up in a room assigned to him at St. John's Gate, to which he would not suffer anyone to approach, except the compositor or Cave's boy for matter, which, as fast as he composed it, he tumbled out at the door.'

Here is a vivid illustration of the invalidity of the distinction between writing done for its own sake and writing done for a livelihood. That Johnson would never have undertaken this

task of oratorical reconstruction but for *res angusta domi*, is indeed indisputable; but it is equally clear that once Johnson had begun his task, he was himself in the grip of an enthusiasm which lifted him above the level of the journalist with his columns to be filled, and brought out the brilliant rhetorical talent which is inherent in all Johnson's writings. It goes without saying that members of Parliament were flattered and delighted by the magnificent periods attributed to them. The speech, however, put into the mouth of Pitt, beginning:

'Sir, the atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number, who are ignorant in spite of experience,'

was regarded as genuine. Many years later the speech was being discussed at a dinner party. Johnson astonished the company with the remark, 'That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter Street.'

But *The Gentleman's Magazine* did not of course monopolise Johnson's productions in his Grub Street period. 'London' (also written in the garret in Exeter Street) was printed by Cave and published, anonymously, by Dodsley. There were satires, too, in prose as well as in verse—for instance 'Marmor Norfolciense.' This showed strong Jacobite sympathies; according to one story, a warrant was issued for Johnson's arrest and he fled with his wife to a hidden lodging in Lambeth Marsh. Certainly the *Monthly Review* described it in later years as a 'bloody Jacobitical pamphlet.'

Another political satire was 'A Compleat Vindication of the Licensers of the Stage,' directed against the Licensers for their suppression of a play which was hostile to Sir Robert Walpole.

A more serious undertaking was the catalogue of the Harleian Library. The publisher was Thomas Osborne, who is remembered, if for nothing else, for Johnson's famous onslaught on him when accused of inattention and delay.

There are many variants of the story. 'There is nothing to tell, dearest lady,' said Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, 'but that he was insolent and I beat him, and that he was a blockhead and told of it. . . . I have beat many a fellow, but the rest had the wit to hold their tongues.'

Shortly after this there appeared the 'Life of Savage,' from one point of view, perhaps, the most intimate of Johnson's works in the early Grub Street period, and then the first of Johnson's

Shakespearean criticisms—the ‘Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth,’ and the ‘Plan’ of the Dictionary.

Fundamentally, of course, the motives which led Johnson to undertake the ‘Dictionary of the English Language’ were those of scholarship, research, analysis, classification, exposition—it was ultimately the application of such processes to the English language which made the work seem worth doing, if indeed it could be done. But it was the booksellers, not a committee of learned men, who propounded the scheme to Johnson and finally worried him into the acceptance of the task; and Johnson set himself no higher than a bookseller’s hack. He began his work in lexicography ‘with the pleasing hope that, as it was low, it likewise would be safe’; and when he came to Grub Street in the Dictionary he defined it as ‘the name of a street in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, *dictionaries*, and temporary poems.’

In the end, of course, it was the Dictionary which delivered Johnson from the bondage of literary hack-work. The author of ‘The Vanity of Human Wishes,’ of ‘Rasselas,’ of ‘The Rambler’ and ‘The Idler,’ would in any event have secured a measure of literary fame; but His Majesty’s pension of £300 per annum was paid to the Great Lexicographer, and it was the pension that rescued Johnson from Grub Street.

A discussion of Johnson’s early life in London must sooner or later lead to the question: To what extent of misery was Johnson brought in Grub Street? For many modern readers, especially those of a generation or two back, the answer has been partially and, of course, brilliantly anticipated by Macaulay, to whom Johnson was ‘the solitary specimen of a past age, the survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks,’ those hacks whose lot it was

‘to lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another . . . to die in an hospital and to be buried in a parish vault. . . .’

All this is challenged with a truly Johnsonian common sense by Mr. Saintsbury in ‘The Peace of the Augustans,’ and it involves no disloyalty to Johnson to agree with Mr. Saintsbury’s main contentions, namely, that considering the cost of living in the eighteenth century, Johnson was not badly paid for what he wrote and that his misery during the Grub Street period was not primarily the fault of Grub Street at all.

The first of these points is a statistical one, and although statistics can be made to prove anything, such records as we have of Johnson's earnings tend to show that he was not worse paid than adventurers in literature of other periods. The second point is of the highest importance: it has been noted already that Johnson went into Grub Street with his eyes open. Miserable he was, but his misery sprang not from

‘Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail,’

but from his own constitution—his ill-health and his melancholia and the inertia which they produced. He thanked Mrs. Thrale for the soothing of a life, not temporarily, but *radically* wretched. In the intimate meditations of his early London days he complains not primarily of poverty or the hardness of his lot but of his bad health, his melancholy and, above all, his idleness. There is no evidence to suggest that, if Johnson had been rather more successful as a teacher and had firmly established an academy for young gentlemen at Lichfield, he would have been intrinsically happier than he was in Exeter Street or Gough Square; and it is quite certain that, as Mr. Saintsbury suggests, a country parsonage would have added boredom to his other terrors.

Of all the terrors by which Johnson was assailed, loneliness was the greatest. He would never trust himself alone, except when reading or writing; he was grateful to anyone who called upon him; he would beg a friend to go home with him just in order to avoid travelling in the coach alone. What he asked of his friends was not that they should be literary or intellectual or even virtuous, but that they should be clubable. Whether he found this quality in the company which gathered round Edward Cave at St. John's Gate is doubtful; he was no doubt happier in the club, of his own foundation, which belongs to the Grub Street period.

This was the Ivy Lane Club, founded in the winter of 1749. It met at the King's Head, a famous beefsteak house in Ivy Lane, and consisted of ten members. It is noteworthy that the members were not, for the most part, literary men. There was Samuel Salter, sometime Archdeacon of Norfolk, not a profound scholar but a man who enlivened conversation by the relation of a variety of curious facts; there was John Ryland, a West India merchant; there was John Payne, a bookseller who subsequently exchanged the uncertainties of publishing for the more stable accountancy of the Bank of England; there was Samuel Dyer, a fine scholar originally destined for Holy Orders, but of whom it was whispered

that his religion was 'that of Socrates'; there were three physicians: Bathurst, the best beloved of Johnson's friends; Edmund Barker, who was so frequently snubbed by Johnson that he gradually ceased to attend; and William McGhie, a Scotsman and 'one of those few of his country whom Johnson could endure'; finally there were two of Johnson's oldest friends, Richard Hawkesworth and Sir John Hawkins.

What drew Johnson to a club like this? Hawkins gives the right answer:

'Thither [he says] he constantly resorted, and, with a disposition to please and be pleased, would pass those hours in a free and unrestrained interchange of sentiments which otherwise had been spent at home in painful reflection.'

The picture of Johnson in Grub Street, then, is not one of unmitigated gloom. Johnson, though he never ceased to regard poverty as anything but an evil, would have admitted that he owed much to Grub Street. It is true that it left a touch of bitterness. It made him coldly critical of men like Gray and Walpole and Lyttelton, men who had enjoyed the continuous comfort of domestic or academic bowers. But it was in Grub Street that he gained his immense knowledge of what ultimately interested him most—all sorts and conditions of men; it was in Grub Street that he learnt to practise his magnificent charity. Broken-down hacks, broken-down doctors, broken-down women—nothing mattered save that they were broken down. It was in Grub Street that Johnson became the great apostle of the undeserving poor.

And if Johnson owed something to Grub Street, we surely owe a great deal more. For if Johnson had been left a comfortable income by his father, who can dare to say that he would ever have completed any literary work at all? Suppose he had been a Fellow of Pembroke, we might have had an edition, say of Lactantius; but more likely a sheaf of abortive 'Proposals.' Suppose he had been a country clergyman, should we have had anything more than a volume of sermons, posthumously collected and published—by subscription? Suppose he had been a member of Parliament, should we have had more than a few fugitive political tracts?

Fortunately, these are vain speculations. But the fact remains that Johnson wrote only when a creditor or a printer's devil was knocking at the door.

S. C. ROBERTS.

ROUGH JUSTICE.

A DRAMA OF MODERN PERSIA.

BY 'SPECTATOR.'

' So long as thou makest no effort, no one will open the door to thee.
Unseemly to-day is vain *talk* about Injustice.
He is a man who shuts his lips and stretches out his arm ! '

Modern Persian Poem.

THE unexpectedness of the East has always been one of its great charms. It is never precisely stated whom for. But it is supposed that it must be charming to wake up a sweetmeat seller and go to bed a Shah. The worthy old peasant who found the buried treasure of Kai Khosru was taken in chains before Shah Abbas in Isfahan along with his terrified wife and children, closely guarded by 400 horsemen and expecting instant death. The story relates how the great King—acting in obedience to a dream he had—instead of slaying the poor wretch loaded him with honour and made him Governor of the rich province of Khorasan. Those old stories always ended charmingly for someone.

Unfortunately, in these days things do not work out so satisfactorily for adventurers, even in Persia. Governors are nominated from the Department of the Interior. Astrologers haven't a chance when it comes to selection for cabinet rank. Ancient and modern go ill together ; and Persia is now becoming sufficiently up to date to have no room left for the Haji Baba of old. I am thinking of a case which occurred some years ago in a seaport of the Persian Gulf, where all the materials for a first-rate drama of the old style were present : a bold adventurer, a sudden blow, public panic, a demoralised Governor ; in the last act the obscure villain of the morning has become the hero of the evening. And then suddenly police in modern uniform appear on the scene, hustle the crowd off to the telegraph office and chase the hero ignominiously from the stage. Those of us who watched it from the balcony of the British Consulate decided that the play had, on the whole, been disappointing. The scenery, of course, was perfect : the blue, imperturbable sea ; the Consulate, calm and dignified, hardly remembering, in peaceful old age, its own stormy past ; and

behind it the white buildings and tall wind towers of the romantic old town—what a background for the play of human passions! The stage management, however, was bad; and we felt we had been cheated of a good curtain. But you shall judge for yourselves.

The Prologue.

It is past ten o'clock on a night in early March, and the little town has long been fast asleep. The 'Gulf' hot weather has hardly begun, or the roofs and narrow lanes would be filled with the barely covered forms of men, women, and children trying vainly to get some sleep under the breathless sky. As it is, people are indoors; and no one is likely to notice Hussein the silversmith as he walks quietly through the bazaar to the dark little attic where he has arranged to spend such a very pleasant night. Hussein has been working late, but at last he has put up the two wooden shutters of his shop and locked them. Being a careful man he has two locks: one key he keeps on his person and the other he has concealed in a cranny known only to himself. So he walks along, thinking doubtless of the pretty lady he is going to meet, thanks to the good offices of Fatima Bibi.

Inside Fatima's house a rickety old wooden staircase ascends to the attic, and at the head of the stairs, very silently, wait the Fatima herself and a lusty negro chosen for his ruthlessness, his strength of arm, and the very reasonable price he asks for such little jobs. Somewhere in the background lurks Hussein's friend, Mehdi Hassan, a worthy young man, son of a worthy and wealthy father. Mehdi Hassan, who is nominally in his father's business, is troubled with many debts and no conscience. But he has a nimble wit; and he has thought of this very simple plan of getting hold of his friend Hussein's key and helping himself to the silver ornaments which Hussein certainly will not want when Qiblu the negro has done with him. Qiblu's axe is heavy, and according to arrangement makes matchwood of Hussein's skull when its owner reaches the top of the dark staircase. Down goes Hussein's body to the basement (after Mehdi has helped himself to the key), the mud floor is quickly dug up, into the hole goes the corpse; the floor is rudely covered again, the price is paid, and a good night's work is ended.

We need not follow Mehdi Hassan's further movements that night. Of course, he found that the one key he had was not enough

for his beastly purpose. He could not find the other, and he did not dare to risk waking the neighbours by too thorough a search. But his disappointment was as nothing compared with the wretchedness he was to undergo later on, very properly, for his part in the proceedings. Crime will out. Nobody thought that Hussein would have told anybody where he was going that night. But so it was. He had confided the excellent Fatima's name to a friend; and Hussein's prolonged disappearance was in the end brought home to her. The roughly dug hole in the floor gave its secret away, and Fatima was marched off to prison. A little pressure and the negro followed her; just a very little more—the police are not too squeamish where negroes are concerned—and Mehdi Hassan had joined them. They were all there, safely housed in the Governor's official residence—the 'Amiriyyeh' it is called—while the police investigation went merrily on; and there we will leave them as the curtain goes up on the first act of the play.

Act I.

It is now the end of May. The south wind that has been blowing all the month has at last stopped; and the town now waits, panting, for the merciful release of the Shamál. Not a breath stirs; the glassy sea looks almost more dazzling than the afternoon sun itself. Abdul was walking along the dusty road between the bare and burnt fields to the little shrine, inland, where the chief Mujtahid, the religious leader of the community, lived. Abdul was a young and powerful man, with a courage and resolution that admirably fitted him to be the hero of an adventure story; but it was stern reality and no romance which filled his mind. He had occupied several humble but useful posts in his life: stevedore, pilot of the little tug which went out to the mail steamers that visited the port, and on occasions a cook. A man of the world. He was now proposing to leave the world—a sadder and a wiser man than when he entered it. For he had discovered that there was no justice in the land. For months he had been trying to recover a debt which was owed him and for which he had abundant proof. But his debtor was a man of influence. He had gone from one *mulla* (priest) to another, from one *vakil* (native barrister) to another with his documents. He had paid what was asked, and had got only promises. He was now reduced to poverty—for he was out of a job at the harbour—and as far from getting his just dues as ever. To go to the State Courts

was useless ; he could not pay his way past the hall porter. As for the Governor, he was too busy—clever man—raking in money over that dastardly murder case that everybody was talking about. Hussein, the dead man, had friends who were willing to pay heavily for justice ; the real culprit, the scamp Mehdi Hassan, had a father who would pay even more for injustice. And it was rumoured that if it came to a trial certain facts might emerge most discreditable to a very rich merchant of the place who could outbid them all. Nobody but a fool would let such a chance slip. And the Governor was no fool. So telegrams poured down from Tehran. One day Mehdi's distracted father would be told that his son's summary execution had been ordered. A handsome cheque had changed this by the next day into instructions that a judicial inquiry should be held into what was apparently a doubtful case. A third telegram would advise that the negro should be 'persuaded' to tell all he knew. No : the Governor, Abdul reflected, was worse than useless ; by common repute as dishonest and corrupt as the rest of them.

Being uneducated in modern political jargon, he did not think of putting an end to any such thing as 'a rotten state of society' or 'a corrupt system of government.' He was a simple man with one simple idea. If he could hope for nothing in this world himself, he would at least see to it that none of his enemies got anything. He set about the business with the determination of a man who is quite certain of his own mind. Whether he told his purpose to his wife I do not know. At any rate he divorced her, so that she at all events should not be held responsible for whatever might happen, and having left her he was now on his way to the Mujtahid. In a few days the old man would be sailing for Jeddah, along with some hundreds of others, for the pilgrimage to Mecca ; and Abdul would, in any case, have gone to bid him good-bye and wish him a successful pilgrimage and safe return. He had now another purpose as well. He could not exactly take his old friend into his confidence, but it was a comfort to talk with him. So he explained that he too was going 'a long journey,' and that he had divorced his wife as he might never return. He asked for the old man's blessing, and got it.

They talked late into the night—the night that in the Persian Gulf in the month of May has its thousand stars but no 'great gift of sleep.' In the hot darkness which pressed on sea and land the sea seemed to rest. But on the land there must have been many who found sleep difficult that night. Some tossed about waiting

for a flutter of air ; three criminals lay waiting for their punishment ; and Abdul lay waiting for daylight. Their unsuspected hour was waiting for others.

Act II.

By eight o'clock next morning the work of the new day had begun ; but the day already seemed old. The sea had barely stirred from its sleep and lay inert once more, like a shimmering sheet of molten lead. From the windows of the British Consulate could be seen—if you opened the shutters which had been closed to keep out the glare—half a dozen sailing craft becalmed. In the faint film which hung over the water they appeared to be insubstantial things floating between blue sky and sea. Round the corner lay the *Slow Mail*. She had dropped anchor at dawn in the inner roads and was waiting for the lighters, which were dotted about between ship and shore, and feebly trying to reach her. The flag lay limp on the flagstaff beside the Consulate. It looked as if in another minute ship, lighters, Consulate, everything would have yielded to the drowsy heat and fallen asleep. Impossible to believe that in the town, not a quarter of a mile away, violent deeds were being done.

Early in the morning Abdul had entered the bazaar. There was a well-loaded gun in his hand and there were five names down on his list. The first was that of Haji Mirza Murtiza, his worst enemy ; and by chance, the chance that favours the bold, he was the first man Abdul met that day. How charming is the unexpected ! Haji, unfortunately, had no time to appreciate the piquancy of the situation, for Abdul shot him full in the chest at a range of two yards. But the incident caused quite a flutter of pleasurable excitement for the onlookers in the street : a murder in daylight is more of a novelty than buying the day's stores in the market. By the time Abdul had entered the house of the second on his list, Mirza Asadulla, the well-known *vakil*, and shot him dead, his audience began to grow slightly alarmed. It was not for them to interfere ; but they took care to keep behind this violent fellow. Abdul paid no attention to the crowd following him ; he proceeded at a leisurely pace to the house of number three, whom he called to come down and have a word with him. This also was a *vakil*. The good man came down to the street suspecting nothing ; hoping, possibly, to have another fruitful conversation with his client about that little case

of his. As he opened the door of his house he received a bullet through the brain.

It might be thought that the time had now come for the public to take matters into their hands for a bit. Not at all. There were no ill-timed shouts for the police, and the police were taking care to keep well away from the street, which by now—what with the shooting and the cries of the bereaved—must have been noisy enough to frighten every *mulla* in the town out of his wits. Certainly Shaikh Jamaluddin (number four) seemed to know that the street was unhealthy for *mullas* that morning, for when he peeped out of his window and saw Abdul below with a reeking gun in his hand he showed no inclination to obey the fellow's request to come down. Instead, he had the timidity to shut and bolt his door. This was annoying; it delayed matters quite unnecessarily, and might even give number six (the local chief judge) time to quit. Still, Abdul was determined not to hurry over the job; and at the risk of having to postpone his reckoning with the judge (as a matter of fact that gentleman was out of town) he slowly mounted the stairs. The public waited outside for the inevitable conclusion in a sort of stupor. Jamaluddin was an obstinate old man. When Abdul battered at his door and bade him come out, he refused to open, and said that his wife and daughter were with him. 'So much the worse for them,' said Abdul, as he broke the door open and burst into the room. Sure enough, there were the two women clinging in terror to the Shaikh's voluminous garments. The climax of this wild half-hour must have been appalling. Abdul dragged the old man from his women folk, shot him in cold blood, and, when he reached the door to descend to the street, turned round under some strange impulse and fired twice at the women. One he killed, the other he left wounded. When he returned to the street, apparently as calm as ever, he found that the crowd which had followed this series of deliberate murders with a sort of amazed detachment was now definitely hostile. A *mulla* or two was all very well, especially as Abdul was known to have old scores to wipe out. But he had outraged all decency by killing an innocent woman. No one was safe now from this bloodthirsty maniac. A hue and cry was raised; the shouting of the people mixed with the cries of the mourners who were bewailing their dead. Abdul judged that the time for flight had come. After all he had done what he set out to do. Five killed and one wounded was a good morning's work. He had had his revenge: justice had been bought once more, but this time with

blood, not with money. Armed police came on to the scene, but they were too late. No one had dared to lay a finger on Abdul while he was at work ; and when the police began to look for him he was not to be found.

Act III.

When Abdul had disappeared, and the fear of personal danger had passed, the people woke up—not perhaps to their full senses, for these had received too rude a shock—but at any rate to some sense of the reality of this vision of sudden death. But strange is the psychology of a crowd. Not the scourge of the morning, but the Governor, was the object of their indignation—the representative of the whole order of things which had driven Abdul to revolt and brought so many to their death. Long smouldering resentment at his refusal to bring Hussein's murderers to justice, as well as a whole host of other impurities of the body politic, for which they held him responsible, burst into flame. In their anger they swept headlong to the Amiriyyeh, where the Governor still kept the three wretches guilty of Hussein's unavenged death, and, like another crowd of old, demanded a victim. His Excellency, a genial, astute, and cheerful rogue, was no coward. But he quailed before this storm ; and fearing that if he did not give way the mob might rush his citadel and lynch the criminals in front of his very eyes, he promised that the two men should be publicly executed that very afternoon.

The procession which, half an hour later, passed along the sea-front and beneath the balcony of the Consulate—now thoroughly awake—was probably unique even for the Persian Gulf. At its head walked the stalwart negro in chains, and after him Mehdi Hassan. Behind them came, first a squad of soldiers—escorting the two murderers to the barracks—then a crowd of excited spectators, and behind them the bier of one of the newly slain, surrounded by women beating their breasts and loudly lamenting, and by men chanting the solemn words of the funeral anthem : ' From God we came : to God we return ; and Ali intercedes for us.' Last of all walked the Governor himself, alone, pale and perspiring, holding up a black umbrella ; a hot, worried and pathetic figure. With shouting and crying they passed round the corner—the criminals and their escort towards the barracks, which was to be the scene of the execution ; the rest, including the Governor, to the mosque where the funeral service for the five dead was to be held.

The search for Abdul continued. The town was ransacked. He was here, he was there ; but he was never actually seen. Some believed that he lay in hiding within a stone's-throw of the Consulate, ready to make a dash for 'sanctuary' should chance offer. But this undesirable possibility was carefully guarded against ; military police marched up and down in front of the entrance the rest of the day—and for many days after.

Evening fell. Still Abdul remained hidden. And only once more that day was he seen. A small boy informed the police that he believed he had gone into the house of an Armenian. Armed to the teeth and followed by a huge crowd (to which Abdul owed his escape) six policemen went to the house. Three entered and three remained outside. Abdul made his way somehow into the house next door, where two elderly Armenian merchants were living. Warning these two gentlemen to make no sound on pain of immediate death, Abdul bade them walk out of the door in front of him, while he followed behind with his gun pointed at their backs. Thus with complete presence of mind Abdul slowly passed out within ten yards of the crowd gathered round the house next door. Pushing the horrified Armenians in front of him, Abdul turned off into a narrow lane, and, having got to a safe distance, told the two men to clear off, and himself vanished in the darkness. A splendid exit, worthy of a hero. And a hero he had become. His disappearance gave the final touch of glamour to his exploits of the morning. He was no longer a common, or uncommon, murderer, but a divinely appointed avenger of the people. The last thing anyone really wished was that he should end up by being a martyr.

In the west the sun went down behind a curtain of haze ; the mail steamer had gone, and the sea was left empty ; no longer glittering but still majestically calm—indifferent to all the tears and pain of that day of violence.

Epilogue.

An epilogue nearly always means an anti-climax. But in this world, 'the way God made it,' that cannot be helped. In real life there is never a quick curtain. I do not ask you to sit it out. But in the cause of truth one or two things remain to be said, and while you are getting your hats and coats and preparing to emerge into the fresh and sober atmosphere of the West, you may care to throw a glance at the stage where this Eastern drama drags to its conclusion.

And first, you will see no gallows and no public execution, as would have been a fitting end to a play thus begun. The Governor broke his promise. The rascal probably never intended that the men should be executed, and had only sent them to the barracks to be kept till the excitement cooled down. A week later they were brought back to the Amiriyyeh ; and for all I know they are there to this day. But Abdul had not done murder entirely in vain. The Governor had to go. For two weeks the town did not work. The shops remained closed, and thousands of men, women and children remained crowded in the compound of the telegraph office all day and all night, eating and drinking at the expense of some public-spirited benefactors, while telegrams of protest were sent to Tehran, cursing the Governor and all his works and begging for his removal. Once His Excellency—with more courage than discretion—ventured there himself in order to telegraph his own views of the matter. He was jeered at, insulted, pelted with mud and stones even by women, as he walked to the office and back. After that he remained shut up in his house till, in the end, Tehran listened to the clamour and dismissed him.

Abdul was never heard of again. Some say he went into the Hinterland, a wild country of wild tribes, where one outlaw more or less would make no difference. For myself I like to believe that he waited his opportunity and swam out one night to some steamer in the inner anchorage. What would a swim of three or even five miles be to such a man ? Perhaps he joined the very pilgrim ship which his old friend the Mujtahid sailed by a few days later, and with him went to Mecca. I hope so ; for there he would be able to purge his courageous and immortal soul of the sins that stained it.

WHY HANNIBAL DID NOT TAKE THE 'PATH TO ROME.'

BY G. BAGNANI.

ROMAN historians tell a story, derived from Caelius, that, after the battle of Cannae, the Carthaginian cavalry general, Maharbaal or Mago, asked Hannibal to allow him to push on to Rome: 'In five days,' he said, 'a dinner will be ready for you on the Capitol.' The story is probably false, for, whatever opinion may be held of the average cavalry officer's understanding of strategy, Hannibal's cavalry was certainly not commanded by a fool. But the story has had a certain success, even in ancient times, and, in view of a recent play, whose real merits are, of course, not affected by the accuracy of its historical premises, I think it may be of general interest to consider once again the real situation of Hannibal after the victory of Cannae.

It is a truism that the business of a general is not to gain battles but to conquer. The battle of Cannae is certainly one of the most complete victories that one great army has ever gained over another. The Romans were destroyed rather than defeated. Between Cannae and Rome there was no Roman force which could have barred the way to the victor. The fall of the capital would certainly have carried with it the complete collapse of the Italic league of which Rome was the head. Why then did not Hannibal march immediately against Rome?

When Livy and other Roman historians were engaged in writing, the old fortifications of the city had been allowed to fall into disrepair. It was therefore natural that they should think that the city could be very easily captured. But during the third century B.C. Rome was a fortress of almost impregnable strength. About a century earlier, after the lesson learnt by the Gaulish capture of Rome, the defences had been strengthened and rebuilt. The massive wall of masonry ran along the edge of high cliffs which had been artificially scarped. At one point, near the present railway station, for nearly a mile there was no natural protection; here the Roman military engineers raised a line of fortification that would certainly have been approved by Vauban. A great

ditch 100 feet wide at the bottom and 30 feet deep was dug in front of a great wall of masonry some 9 feet thick. The earth from this ditch was piled up in an embankment inside the wall, and the thickness of wall and earthwork must have been of at least 60 or 70 feet. We do not know its height, but the portion still existing in the Rome Central Station is 30 feet high. A roadway on the farther side of the fosse took the place of a glacis, while another road behind the wall facilitated the supply of men and munitions. It is more difficult to calculate its extent, but, even if we exclude the Aventine, the circuit of the walls must have been of over six miles. These fortifications had been inspected and repaired only the year before, after the battle of Lake Trasimene.

Even before the Great War, before the great development in modern siege artillery, the investing of a first-class fortress or 'camp-fortress' was an enterprise of the utmost difficulty. In the Franco-Prussian war the siege of Belfort lasted 75 days, that of Metz 72, and that of Paris 162; in each case the fortress capitulated and was not stormed. In 1521 the Order of St. John with not more than 6000 men was able to hold Rhodes for six months against Suleyman's army, which must have been of well over 50,000 men, including sappers, and the fortifications were held despite the extensive use of mines, then a comparatively new method of attack. In 1579 the siege of Maestricht, conducted by a great army led by the first soldier of the day, lasted four months; that of Constantinople in 1453 for 53 days.

These examples have been taken from a period when the invention of artillery gave great advantages to the besieger. In classical warfare the only ways of capturing a fortress were by surprise, by treachery, and by famine. If the city had to be carried by storm it was necessary to have unlimited time, an immense superiority of force, and a first-class general. During this very period Marcellus took two years to capture Syracuse; in the next generation the siege of Carthage lasted three years. Athens was able to resist Sulla for over six months; Titus at the head of 100,000 men took five months to capture Jerusalem.

But the Carthaginian cavalry general may have thought that the news of Cannae would have created such a panic that he would find the gates left open. After so many battles even he would probably have learnt something about the Roman character. He may have thought that, after the destruction of the two consular armies, Rome could be easily carried by assault. Hannibal's plan of campaign after the battle shows him to have been well informed

as to the situation in Rome. The garrison consisted of two legions, formed, it is true, of recruits, but with at least five months' training. There was also a legion of marines, who were about to leave for Sicily under Marcellus. Thus, even before Cannae, there were at least 20,000 troops in the city, and, in case of siege, this number could certainly have been trebled by calling on everyone capable of bearing arms. As it was, two more legions were immediately procured by arming slaves and prisoners. It is improbable that the city was prepared to sustain a long siege, but, since the battle had taken place in August, the harvest must have been in perfect safety and would have certainly been sufficient for at least six or eight months. Within the city were many generals who, however imbecile they may have shown themselves in fighting Hannibal, were at least competent to inspect the guards and prevent a surprise. As for capturing the city by treachery, even Mago or Maharbaal cannot have thought it possible. To advance against Rome simply in order to lay waste the territory would have been risky, since he would have been exposed to sorties from the various fortresses of the Allies and of the colonies, useless, since the harvest had already been garnered, and foolish, since it would have exposed his weakness.

With 50,000 men Hannibal could not think of beginning the siege of a great city, defended by a garrison as numerous as his own army. He was completely lacking in any kind of siege artillery, and there were no woods near Rome to furnish the materials for their construction. During the whole course of the war Hannibal never attempted any protracted siege operations, and he was so weak in this respect that, except by surprise or treachery, he was hardly ever able to storm a Roman camp, much less a permanent fortress. After the battle of Lake Trasimene he was repulsed with loss from the walls of the little colony of Spoleto; could he after Cannae have fared any better against Rome? The siege of Casilinum, defended by about 1000 Praenestines, took up the whole of the autumn and winter of 216-215 B.C., and the city was only captured in the spring through famine.

After Sedan, which was a victory not more complete than Cannae, the Prussian army instantly invested Paris, even though French armies were still in the field. But Moltke had an immense, an overwhelming, superiority of force which could be rapidly increased still further if necessary. Practically the whole of the French regular army had been either destroyed or shut up in besieged fortresses. The Roman situation was very different.

Undoubtedly the army that had perished at Cannae was the flower of the Roman army, but it was by no means the only Roman army. There were two legions in Spain, two in Sicily, one in Sardinia. Two that were in Cisalpine Gaul were defeated by the Gauls soon after Cannae, but Hannibal had not the gift of second sight. He had to consider that the Roman forces outside Italy were numerically far superior to his own army. We must also consider the Roman fleet of between 150 and 200 galleys, manned by at least 50,000 sailors. Naturally the Romans would not have withdrawn these legions, especially those in Spain, except as a last resource, but had Hannibal been caught by a great relieving army in front of the walls of Rome he would have certainly been destroyed. Moreover, he would have found great difficulty in keeping his army alive. The harvest was already gathered, all the Latin cities were actively hostile. He would have been forced to get supplies from the friendly cities of Campania along the Latin Way, which was exposed to every sortie from almost impregnable fortresses such as Anagnia, Signia, Praeneste, Tusculum. An advance against Rome would not have been risky, it would have been sheer madness; and Hannibal's victories would not have been possible had he on his staff a single officer mad enough to advise such a thing.

But five years later, in 211 B.C., Hannibal marched against Rome, placed his camp at three miles from the city walls, and rode in person to the Colline gate. If he dared this when twenty-five Roman legions were under arms, would he not have done better to have taken the 'path to Rome' after his greatest victory? The fact is that Hannibal in this case was not making a display of strength but of weakness. A great Roman army was besieging Capua with all the rules of war; the defenders were at their last gasp. All attempts to relieve it had failed; the Roman commanders, who had drawn a double line of entrenchments round the city, refused all offers of battle. Honour and interest alike obliged Hannibal to run any risk in order to raise the siege. By moving against the city he might create such a panic that the Senate would recall the army before Capua; or else the garrison might be induced to risk a pitched battle, when anything might happen. In any case, since it was still early in the year, before the harvest, he could inflict no small damage on the Latin farmers. This indeed was the only result of his march. The Roman army before Capua, perfectly certain that the city was quite able to look after itself, did not move. The consuls in the city manned the walls and sent detach-

ments to the fortresses in the Alban hills, but did not attempt to give battle. Had a great general, such as Scipio, been in command at Capua, he might have ended the war at once by leaving a sufficient garrison in the entrenchments and with the rest of the army have cut Hannibal's retreat. But very wisely the Roman strategy after Cannae was like that of the Allies in 1814, '*Le combattre surtout où il n'est pas.*' By his march on Rome Hannibal gained a personal triumph by proving that the Romans, with twenty-five legions in the field, were still too frightened to risk a pitched battle, even to save their harvest, but he also proved that he was unable to relieve Capua.

After Cannae Hannibal's only possible policy was the one which he adopted, that of attempting to break up the Latin confederation. He did not succeed, but that was not his fault, though it is Rome's glory. It is impossible to imagine that he could have done anything more. From the point of view of Rome, it is also difficult to see what else she could have done after Cannae, except follow the strategy of Fabius. Generals such as Hannibal and Napoleon are, fortunately for their adversaries, very rare and, when they appear, the best policy is to avoid them as long as possible. But it is a policy that can be followed too long, and the strategy of Fabius nearly proved fatal to Rome. The strategy of exhaustion works both ways. When Scipio became consul in 205 B.C. the Roman armies, since the battle of Cannae, had never suffered a serious defeat from Hannibal and had pushed him into the furthest corner of Italy. The Fabian strategy had immobilised him, had rendered him almost powerless, but it had not destroyed his army or finished the war. And Rome and the confederation were at their last gasp. The confederation that had hardly been shaken by the most terrible defeats was now beginning to crack under the strain of a never-ending campaign. The strategy that believes in 'wearing out the enemy' proved then, as ever, unable to bring about a decisive result. Battles of exhaustion, such as Verdun, are always useless and nearly always dangerous. A strategy of exhaustion, such as that of Fabius, may be of use for a short period but must be followed by action. Fabius' opposition to Scipio's wonderful plan of campaign shows him to have been a general without intelligence, imagination or courage. It was lucky for Rome that at last she was able to produce a general who could fight Hannibal on terms of equality. But that is quite another chapter of military history, far removed from the reasons for which Hannibal did not take the 'Path to Rome.'

A CLEVER JUNGLE DACOIT.

BY GEORGE HOGAN KNOWLES.

I WAS once shooting at the foot of the Naini-Tal hills, in the Terai Forest of the Himalayas, with a brother-in-law of mine—Mr. B. A. Rokeby—who was, at that time, the Forest Officer of the Naini-Tal Division. Mr. Rokeby—*alias* Rebsch—was a great sportsman, and was well known all over Northern India as a keen naturalist. During his career in the Imperial Forest Service over a hundred tigers had fallen to his gun; and he was a reputed authority on the habits of wild animals. He held a very open view, and firmly believed that the feline species could boast the best brains in the jungles, and that their cleverness was often uncanny.

In camouflaging, in order to secure its game, a tiger or a panther will sometimes depart from commonly established habits, and will exhibit an originality in ways and means of attainment that would almost match the inventive powers of a human being. Few are the sportsmen who have troubled to lift the veil behind the beaten track of the orthodox manner of hunting, and who have penetrated into the unseen life of the jungles with its secret movements and alarm cries, for the sake of study rather than the boast of trophies. It is a pity from the standpoint of scientific progress; for the result is that the ordinary sportsman—even with an experience of twenty-five years or more in India, and with perhaps a great show of trophies—is the first to disbelieve in an uncommon incident which has not come within the pale of his experience. The only appeal to him seems to be the 'bang' and the 'drop,' and everything else is ruled out as fiction.

The naturalist, purely and simply, is handicapped; he relies a great deal on book information, and his tour in a new country is too brief to put him in the way of information, penetration, and opportunity. He lacks, too, the necessary impulse of the true sportsman, whose inherent love of seeing an animal in its wild state leads him, or should lead him, into avenues of adventure in which information is won by mighty patience and hard experience.

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It was in the middle of May, when the hot winds blow through the parched jungles and scatter the winged seed of the famous sal

tree (*Shorea robusta*) far and wide. The dry leaves in the forest lay densely thick on the ground.

Mr. Rokeby and I were encamped on the high banks of a dried-up river, and had to get water for camp from holes dug in the sand.

The magnificent moonlight night drove sleep from our eyes. The sultry heat of day had penetrated into the night, and seemed to ooze from the molten sheen of silver that poured down on the low hills in front, and over the phosphorescent sea of vast rolling forest, whose glittering canopy covered the plains below.

It must have been about two o'clock in the morning, and my brother-in-law and I were reclining in long arm-chairs in front of our tents—glistening white, like large cones of dazzling snow—when, suddenly, an old Mohammedan carter with a long beard and a longer face—who seemed to be cut and bruised about the hands and feet—presented himself with one of our forest guards. Some of our servants, whom the cartman had awakened, were standing behind. They were all in a state of considerable excitement.

'What brings you here, Abdulla?' inquired Mr. Rokeby as the old carter saluted. 'At this hour of the morning you should have nearly reached your lumber camp, my friend. What will your master say?'

'Huzoor!' said the old stager, who, in the lonely hours of night, had gone through many thrilling experiences in the jungles with his two white bullocks as his only companions, and who feared neither wild elephant nor tiger, 'I have spent all my life in these forests, working for contractors and conveying the baggage of many "Sahibs" from camp to camp at all hours of the day and night, but never before have I found a tiger so daring as to demand a seat in my cart, and to climb up behind, uninvited, without any regard for my bullocks, who were already burdened with my timber merchant's baggage.'

We burst out laughing, at which the old carter seemed to be mortally offended: he drew himself up at once and stood, grave and dignified.

'You may believe it or not,' said the carter, 'but it is a fact. I have walked back eight miles, driving my surviving bullock before me through the deceptive moonlight, and but for his wonderful sagacity I might have tumbled over the high river-bank and been killed. I mistook the road, and was forcing the "life of my life" down the edges of a deceptive cliff when he suddenly refused to

proceed, and tried to instil wisdom into me with violent kicks, so that I had to obey his wishes, and I turned back. Allah be praised !'

'Then the tiger has killed one of your bullocks ?' questioned my brother-in-law.

'It is so—alas !' he exclaimed.

'But tell us exactly what happened. Were there any other carts with you ?' asked the Forest Officer.

'Yes ; but the other carts are all right ; and may the drivers be visited with plague for leaving me all alone,' he added. 'Owing to the heavy load my noble bullocks dragged behind, and, the bright moonlight twinkling and dazzling in my face, I closed my eyelids. My two dear children toiled over the rough way and rocked me into a sound sleep. I dreamt presently that I was being attacked by "dacoits," and was fighting desperately with this small stick of mine to safeguard my master's things, when I fancied that some of the "dacoits" jumped up behind, and my cart tilted upwards ; and then, in the bamboo cage next to me, my master's ducks and fowls made such a noise that I awoke with a start—but too late ! An enormously big animal had a paw on my neck, and I was pinned down. I immediately knew it was the big demon "shere" (tiger) of this valley that had baffled your honour on many occasions ; for none other could have been so daring as to jump into my cart ! He deliberately walked over my body and gave me a low warning growl, commanding me to lie still. I was obliged to obey the monster, under whose stride I felt like a pygmy, and lay quite helpless.'

'But are you quite certain it was the tiger ?' questioned my brother-in-law.

'The tiger !' exclaimed Abdulla. 'Is there the single mark of a claw on my neck ?' he queried. 'Your honour knows that the cat tribe tread with their soft pads only—unless enraged—being acute enough never to give away their guilt ! Besides, there was his warm breath on my face and body, like hot steam from the cooking pot ; the overpowering smell peculiar to his kind and, last but not least, his warning growl !'

'Well, what happened then ? Go on,' said my brother-in-law.

'When the cart tilted up with his weight behind, my oxen of course were released from the yoke ; and taking a few paces forward they stood still, very much confused. It was then that the demon walked over me and brought the front part of the cart down again with a great thud, which I thought would have overbalanced him ; but no, he squatted calmly on the driving space allotted to your

poor humble servant and watched my frightened bullocks stampeding down the road.'

'I wonder if it is true,' I asked. 'I am almost prepared to believe anything from our many extraordinary experiences in these jungles.'

'Go on,' said Mr. Rokeby to the man. 'Let us hear his story.'

'With the bullocks gone—which the tiger made no attempt to follow up—I made certain he would fall back upon me and that my doom was sealed. But to my great surprise he just stretched down to the ground like a great cat, and walked a few paces up the road very casually. His huge dark form, clearly visible in the moonlight, turned broadside on, and then passed silently to my right into the heavy jungle at the edge of the road. The silence was most oppressive, and I was startled at the sound of my own agitated breathing. I was determined, however, to follow in the direction of my bullocks; and I was just about to alight from my cart when, to my surprise, I heard my bullocks stampeding back towards me at full speed. Calling to me in terror, they came trembling right up to my cart. I was just about to speak soothingly to them, when suddenly I caught sight of the tiger's form again, standing on the road close behind them. But somehow this form appeared to be a little smaller. I thought it was the deceptive light, when to my horror the larger form, like a great shadow, glided suddenly out of the jungle and seized one of my poor children. It seemed as if he had been waiting deliberately for this, and was hidden within a few yards of the spot where my bullocks had come to a standstill. A feeble low escaped my poor child that was caught, and then I heard him fall heavily to the ground. My remaining child rushed past me and the cart in a panic, and I followed after him, down the road in the direction of camp.'

'The tigress driving the game up to the male!' said my brother-in-law. 'It is quite a common practice among tigers and panthers during this time of the year, the mating season.'

'But the tiger, tilting the cart up to release the bullocks!' I exclaimed—'that's a bit thick!'

'My experience teaches me,' said Mr. Rokeby, 'to keep a very open mind with regard to accounts of the doings of wild animals. Though Indians are very much given to exaggerate an incident, this carter's story is quite within the bounds of possibility. Experience once gained—in the first instance, either by some accident, or as the result of some action for an immediate end or purpose—is quite sufficient to give that opening that intelligence needs, in any

lower creature, to develop instinct into the higher order of reasoning powers, as great and wonderful as the mentality of the most advanced human being. This tiger, I suspect, is a lazy old fellow,' continued Mr. Rokeby: 'Stripes, remember, acquires great cunning the older he grows, and with it he gets alarmingly bold. It is fortunate the jungles here are so well stocked with game or there would be many a man-eater attacking these camps of ours.'

My brother-in-law said that he had previously received information from his forest guards about a big tiger—reputed to be very bold—who indulged in depredations along the main roads of this part of the forest division, and thought this tiger must be the same animal.

The old carter and the forest guard then informed us that this was not the first occasion on which this huge tiger had tilted up a cart in order to release a pair of bullocks; that he had acquired this habit owing to the inconvenience of getting the grip under the neck when a bullock is yoked, and the trouble involved in extricating the body afterwards from under the weight of the cart.

'I can quite understand that,' said Mr. Rokeby. 'I would put nothing past him if age or some other infirmity has driven him to become resourceful.'

'Huzoor,' said Abdulla excitedly, 'come at once in a cart while yet the stars are scintillating in the heavens, and see for yourself whether I speak the truth or not. I will be your driver and the tiger will jump up behind to tilt the cart!'

'The chance of a lifetime!' exclaimed my brother-in-law.

The suggestion was seconded by me in great excitement. We knew the old carter to be a most experienced and reliable man, and his proposal certainly gave promise of considerable sport. We immediately went inside the bungalow to change our pyjamas to khaki shorts, while a smart servant, after expressing himself with doleful misgivings over the prudence of our decision, hurried off to prepare some tea. My brother-in-law ordered the biggest cart in camp to be brought out at once, with a pair of good bullocks; and ordered that a pad elephant should follow our cart behind—after we got in—at a safe distance of about half a mile, in order to be ready to pick us up in case of any serious trouble with this old demon tiger, as the natives of the place believed him to be.

We sat down to a very early 'chota hazaree' that was laid outside in the moonlight, and fortified ourselves for the adventure that lay before us.

'I propose carrying the "machans" (small stringed cots) with us on a second elephant, if it should be necessary for us to "sit up" on the road some distance from each other. My idea,' continued Mr. Rokeby, 'is that this demon will be lying up after his feed and won't trouble about another cart till seven or eight o'clock in the morning—supposing that he is viciously inclined! He won't kill again for the sake of hunger before to-morrow afternoon.'

'Then you don't consider the chance a very good one!' I exclaimed.

'Yes—I do,' replied my brother-in-law. 'I am much impressed with the carter's story, as I know that many an old tiger takes to killing from sheer vice—even when he has fed to his full; and I think for this reason that the chance is well worth a trial.'

'It is strange,' I said, 'that a tiger in these forests, so well stocked with game, should trouble himself about cart bullocks along a public road, however vicious he might be—unless, of course, he is very old and incapable.'

'The graziers from the plains have taken their cattle to other grazing grounds,' said my brother-in-law, 'and that only leaves the wary and active deer, which perhaps this demon is unable to catch.'

The bullock cart in which we were to make the adventurous journey had been brought up, and Abdulla, the cartman, was waiting in readiness to drive the cart, while his own surviving bullock was held by a peon. But we had hardly gone a few hundred yards from camp when Abdulla's bereaved bullock broke loose from the peon and came scampering down the road after us. We had to call up several men to have him surrounded. We seated ourselves comfortably again in the cart, with our rifles by our side—assured that the troublesome bullock could no longer follow us—when, from the jungle at the back of our camp, there suddenly came a deep lowing sound.

Abdulla jumped off the cart quickly, and declared frantically that his lost bullock (killed by the tiger) had called to him; that it was his ghost undoubtedly.

The companionless bullock the men had surrounded now seemed to become mad with excitement. He rushed furiously at the men, trying to break the circle.

Abdulla rushed up. 'Let my child go,' he shouted, 'to find his brother.'

Mr. Rokeby and I walked quietly up to the crowd. The cartman seemed strangely affected. Again at the instant, through the

stillness of the glittering night, came a deep gurgling sound, followed by a soft lowing. We listened in breathless astonishment, as we knew at that hour of the night all the camp animals were locked up, and none could have strayed out.

Abdulla seized his bullock, that was restless even in his hands. It apparently wanted to rush off into the forest in the direction from which the lowing sound proceeded—now faintly again, and now in louder, trembling grunts of fear.

My brother-in-law dismissed all the attendants present but a 'shikarry' and Abdulla, the cartman; and then a strange, uncanny presentiment seemed to grip us in the deathly stillness that prevailed. We calmed Abdulla's excited impatience with the promise that we ourselves would walk up in the direction of the lowing, following him and his bullock, to find the ghost.

'I feel certain,' whispered Mr. Rokeby to me, 'that the tiger has followed Abdulla and his remaining bullock here to camp; and that this deep, peculiar lowing is the tiger's camouflage. He is actually mimicking the bullock's call to draw him into the jungle. On previous occasions I have had similar suspicions, but have not had an opportunity of putting them to the test. A tiger is often very persistent in following up his game, and I would not in the least be surprised to discover that my suspicions are true. The tiger is capable of emitting a variety of low guttural sounds, some of which lend themselves eminently to the imitating of a bullock's challenge or to his call of distress. The tigress has apparently secured the bullock that was killed, and the tiger is determined to get this one which poor Abdulla has saved.'

We abandoned our first plan; and now, in accordance with another one, we immediately set to work.

My brother-in-law, followed by Abdulla and his bullock, went straight down the high banks of the river; after having arranged that the cartman should take his bullock into the middle of the river-bed, and there, in open moonlight view, pretend to be in difficulties with it. Mr. Rokeby was to keep in the background, in the shadow of the bank, ready with his rifle in case the tiger—if it really was Stripes—followed the cartman and his bullock over the open river-bed. The shikarry and I were deputed to stalk into the deep jungle in the direction of the lowing, which now seemed to come from nearer the river-bed.

Crackling the dry leaves as much as possible, the shikarry and I stalked carelessly through the black shadows and the brilliant

patches of moonlight, making a semi-circular route to keep the animal, whatever it was, between us and the river-bed. We had covered a distance of about 200 yards from camp, when I suddenly recognised the nauseous smell of a tiger. In the dense undergrowth the air was heavy and oppressive, and the smell was unmistakable. I now felt certain that my brother-in-law's suspicions were correct, and that the bullock's call we had heard had come from no other beast than the tiger. We moved forward noisily, to drive him into the river-bed. The lowing sound had ceased now entirely, and presently we emerged on to the cliffs of the river. From the high bank we had a glorious view of the expansive white stretch of sand; and to the right of us, just dimly visible, we beheld the cartman and his bullock awaiting the expected attack on the top of a hillock of glittering sand.

Suddenly, from the high bank, under our very feet as it were, a great dark object shot silently and swiftly across the white expanse. It swerved to the right and distinctly crouched. Then forward again it moved, getting less and less perceptible. A few moments of tense excitement gripped us, and then a thunderous report seemed to shake the high river-bank, as I recognised the crash of my brother-in-law's heavy 12-bore rifle; crash upon crash followed as the echoes resounded through the hills, till they died away like the rumble of a distant landslide. A fierce grunt responded to the shot—then agonised roars awoke the silent jungles. We scrambled down the bank, and, keeping close in the shadows, came up to my brother-in-law. Abdulla with his bullock had beaten a hasty retreat under the high bank.

'A spine shot, I'm afraid,' whispered my brother-in-law. 'We must walk up and put him out of his pain at close quarters.'

This we did. He was a magnificent tiger, measuring 9 feet 8½ inches in the flesh, with a beautiful sub-Himalayan mane on his neck.

The strong circumstantial evidence—in fact actual evidence—confirmed us in our belief that a tiger can, and actually does when occasion demands, imitate the call of some animals, such as 'Sam-bhur,' cows, and bullocks, in order to attract his prey. A panther, too, will mimic the call of smaller animals. It is common knowledge that a hyaena is master of this system of camouflage; and there seems no reason why a doubt should exist in the case of tigers and panthers, that are much cleverer than hyaenas, with a wider aptitude for camouflaging.

SHOES.

BY F. H. DORSET.

THE shilling rattled with a hollow sound into the slot-meter, and Amelia Griffith watched the gas-fire wink back into brilliance from an ebbing blue. She stood for a moment regarding it absent-mindedly, then, sighing, re-seated herself at the baize-covered dining-room table whereon a litter of papers and account books bore evidence to the nature of her evening's occupation. Behind her, in the hall beyond the closed oaken door, a grandfather clock struck the hour of eleven with silvery solemnity. Miss Griffith suspended her endeavour to balance credit and debit evenly, noting the musical strokes with vexed attention.

'Eleven!' she counted, speaking aloud after her solitary habit. 'Mr. Barrum will be asleep. I shall have to go upstairs very quietly. Oh dear, how hopeless it all is!'

She pushed aside her accounts with sudden small violence, turned her chair to the fire's consoling warmth, rested her toes on the stone curb, and looked regretfully at her delicate immaculate foot-gear, hitherto the one permanent extravagance of her life.

'It's no use attempting it,' she reflected sadly. 'I shan't be able to live in this house, let alone help Emily and that great boy of her's, unless I ask just double the present rent for Mr. Barrum's rooms, and the question is, will he pay it? He *can*, of course. And he's been here so long that he'd hardly want to move; besides, he'd have to pay as much as that anywhere for the same accommodation. I've undercharged him all these years . . . but there, I never needed till now to *make* money. It was just the comfort of knowing that there was a man in the house, and his being a business friend of Emily's . . . and then, he's so quiet and easily satisfied . . . and goes his own way, so that I've seen practically nothing of him except when he was ill. It's all been so satisfactory, and now I shall have to disturb him, asking for more money and explaining that I've been a fool and invested my capital in United Tin. *Tin* indeed! That used to be slang once for cash. I call it Irony!' Her mild witticism moved her lips to the smile which forty years of troubled life had never succeeded in dimming, and she straightened

her somewhat bulky figure with a gesture of decision. 'Well!' she commented, rising, 'it's got to be done, so I must do it, and try to get a decent night's rest first.'

Anybody intimately acquainted with Amelia Griffith would have recognised in this last remark a summary of Amelia's gently-stoical philosophy. Life had endeavoured pretty thoroughly to get the better of Amelia, but hitherto Amelia, untidy about the head, trim about the feet, and rotund about the waist, had contrived to get the better of Life. She had walked uprightly, with firm well-shod steps and a mind so full of other people's requirements—more especially her twin-sister Emily's—that she had wasted little time or emotion over her own personal disappointments. They had been keen, for her desires had been keen, but one by one she had faced and dismissed them, as she faced her present financial crisis. One only had she never dismissed, and that had become the driving motive of her busy existence: the welfare of her beloved Emily. When calamity engulfed Emily she fought it with a fierceness never employed in her own interests, and to this day she adapted her mode of existence to fit the needs of her widowed sister in Scotland and the education of her sister's fifteen-year-old son. Perhaps the bitterest drop of disappointment in her daily cup of compromise was the fact that Emily never once since her brief marriage and widowhood had come to London. She clung like a limpet to her tiny house in Edinburgh, so that Amelia, perforce, had to go to Scotland annually if she wished to see Emily. But if Emily never came to Amelia, she had at any rate sent her the tenant whose modest rent enabled Miss Griffith to continue living in the old-fashioned home wherein the twin sisters had been born, and which, at the death of their prim elder brother Philip, had become her property.

Philip had always exasperated the bright impatient Emily. Twelve years their senior, he had been twenty-four when their father, a widower since the twins' arrival, had died; and already Philip had grown terribly sedate. He belonged, said Emily, to the Antimacassar Era, and he believed in the inferiority of woman. Moreover, he had been educated entirely at home by his brilliant but curiously ineffective father, and had never cared much for boys of his own age. And Mr. Griffith left his son every penny of his modest capital, so that Amelia and Emily found themselves, as they grew out of childhood, entirely dependent on their brother's purse.

Amelia accepted the situation, but, at twenty, drove an astute bargain with her brother. She had taken lessons in Domestic

Science with his innocent approval, and then broke to him the news that she was now qualified to hold a well-paid post as housekeeper, and fully intended to do so unless he himself chose to engage her professionally at a stipulated salary. After a tough battle Philip, fearful of desertion and strange housekeeping, consented to the arrangement, which held good until his death. Emily, however, brunette, lively, semi-educated, elected to become the paid companion of a Scottish widow, and departed to Edinburgh before she was nineteen. Philip, who found her annoying, raised no objection. At the end of four years Emily's employer died, and almost by the next post came the news of her marriage. It seemed that she and her employer's nephew had been secretly engaged for some time. John Burnett was junior partner in a business house at Copenhagen. He had rushed over for his aunt's funeral and was compelled to rush back directly, and wished to take Emily with him, so they had been married at once. They would return to Scotland in about three months' time—his aunt's little house was their's now—and then they would come south to visit Amelia and Philip. John was the funniest thing. Very clever and all that; quiet. Philip would approve of him. But he had, as Browning put it, 'two soul sides,' and she didn't believe that old Phil had. He was lovely to her. It was rather like being married to an archangel. Other people found him reserved. It was funny to watch them trying to probe his mind. He was like a lawyer—non-committal. But not to her. He really and truly was heavenly to her. She was frightfully happy. Simply awfully happy. Why didn't Amelia try to bag a husband too? A husband something like John would be the very thing for her. She and John would have to see about it.

Amelia, radiant in her sister's happiness, smothered her own regrets, and looked forward eagerly to April.

But in March came a strange hysterical letter from an Emily already returned alone to Edinburgh. 'John's dead,' she wrote; 'he died suddenly three weeks ago at Copenhagen. I could not write or anything, I was too broken. I have lost everything—all my illusions, all my faith. Men are terrible, Amelia. I shall live here. Please come to me, and stay till the baby that I think is coming comes. Oh Milly, I wish it wasn't! With no father. It will come somewhere about November, but I can't and won't come to London. I couldn't stand Philip just now, but give him my love.'

And Amelia left Philip to the tender mercies of cook and housemaid while she fled north.

In Edinburgh she tarried until, early in November, John Burnett's son was born.

Emily had changed amazingly. The twins had never very closely resembled each other, Nature, in their case, having apparently decided upon an exception whereby to prove her usual rule. They showed, however, one notable physical likeness: a slight malformation of toe on Amelia's right and Emily's left foot, which necessitated special shoe-making without revealing any outward deformity when shod. The same Bond Street firm made all their shoes to this day, beautiful supple foot-gear wearing finely to the last.

Yes, Emily had changed. Her vivacity seemed to have been doused suddenly by an extinguisher of Hope, which, Amelia felt instinctively, was something heavier than death alone. Plainly John, before dying, had bitterly disillusioned his wife, but how she would not say. He was dead, she said, buried in Copenhagen, and she would never go there again. She would live where she was, in Edinburgh, in and for her boy. He should be christened by any name but John. John's executor was a certain Mr. Barrum in Copenhagen. He had arranged all her affairs. She had this house and a hundred and fifty pounds a year. She could manage. The extinguisher had doused to ashes the fiery little brunette who had been Emily, and in her place there now arose a bitter-lipped, thin, silent woman, whose moody eyes sometimes revealed cold little flickers of angry flame.

Emily was shorter than her sister; mentally as well as physically she lacked her height and breadth. But, oddly enough, her feet and hands were slightly larger.

When Philip, ever nervous of his health, actually succumbed to unexpected influenza, Amelia, faced with a diminished income, although her brother's entire heir, prepared to abandon 5 Albert Crescent, S.W., and migrate to Scotland. But Emily thought otherwise. Mr. Barrum was retiring from the business in Copenhagen. He intended living in London, and he was delicate. He was very quiet and a great bookworm, and now he was writing learned weekly articles for a London periodical. He was in charge of all her (Emily's) money affairs. Why not let him have a flat in the house? It would be a personal favour to Emily if Amelia did so. Cook and old Hester surely could act as sufficient chaperonage for Amelia, and Mr. Barrum would have his own daily 'char' to

clean his own rooms and cook his own meals. She would see nothing of him, really, and at the same time she could keep a distant eye on his welfare, while it would fill up the hiatus in her income, and nowadays lots of people let their big houses in flats. Mr. Barrum was fifty, and looked older.

Ultimately Amelia, regarding her early grey hair and unassailable propriety, defied certain vague conventions and let the entire middle floor of her house to the unobtrusive James Barrum. Ground floor and third floor she retained for her own and her servants' use. For five years now the arrangement had held good, and she had grown used to exchanging 'Good morning' and 'Good evening' on the stairs with her tenant as he came and went daily. Old Hester had left for some considerable time, and cook, deaf but independent, reigned supreme with the assistance of a daily 'help' for the housework. By night cook slumbered in a small chamber on the same floor as her mistress, but to-night, for once, she was absent on a brief holiday.

Mr. Barrum was a man of habit. Much of his time he spent at a sedately Bohemian Literary Club, but he seldom stayed out late. He slept badly, and always best in the early part of the night. By ten-thirty he was usually in bed; often at three o'clock in the morning he would be up again and writing at the heavy-laden table in his front room where stood a telephone. Amelia understood that he remained a sleeping-partner in his old firm and in touch with its London office. She liked him, his gentle, courteous manner, his scholarly delicacy of appearance, his pleasant, clear voice. These things filled a gap in her existence which she seldom stopped to consider. Romantic love had missed her, even commonplace marriage had passed her by, but for five monotonous years, ever since the date of nephew Billy's tenth birthday, she had been able to 'mother' a man in a detached distant fashion. Absorbed in small, incessant duties, unobtrusive charities and sincere religion, Amelia almost forgot the deep under-currents of her nature which once in her youth had troubled her and to-night were to sweep her into strange and noble waters.

To-night she was very tired. All day long her active mind had suffered preoccupation with figures and investments to the detriment of her fixed routine, and even now fatigue seemed to chain her wits to the same treadmill of thought in spite of her determination to dismiss the matter and sleep. She gathered together her account books and bills with fumbling fingers, extinguished the incandescent

light—for electricity was yet absent from No. 5—and prepared to mount upward to her bedroom, immediately above that of her tenant; but in the hall she halted, noting that the gas jet at the foot of the basement stair still burnt, though normally she extinguished it before ten o'clock. With a cluck of annoyance at her own negligence she descended, rectified her oversight, and climbed back into the hall, her subconscious mind mechanically recording the number of steps as she remounted.

A square-cornered Victorian intelligence had been responsible for the architecture of Albert Crescent, an intelligence disdainful of superstition. Thirteen steps led from basement to hall; thirteen from hall to Mr. Barrum's landing, where he burnt a low gas-jet all night; thirteen more to Amelia's upper floor, always at this hour in darkness save for a glimmer of gas kindled for her in her bedroom by cook, who normally preceded her to bed. Night by night she sat from supper-time to bed-time in her green-clad dining-room then, taking up the candle which she now forgot, migrated quietly upstairs, sub-consciously counting twenty-six steps in all as she did so. To-night she extinguished the hall-light before realising her candleless condition, and took up her count of steps from thirteen onward. It brought her to the first-floor landing, where she looked at the burning gas-jet with puckered, disapproving eyes.

'*I am forgetful to-day!*' she muttered, turning it out impatiently. She opened the bedroom door quietly, then, recalling the fact that it was past eleven and that very little served to disturb the tenant presumably sleeping below her, she pulled off her shoes and set them down softly inside the door to the right. There was no light in the room, and as she stepped forward, leaving the door ajar, a peculiar, rather sickening smell, faintly resembling warm linseed, met her sensitive nostrils.

'Phew!' whispered Miss Griffith to herself, 'well, *I am* a fool! My head is completely gone. I've left my bedroom dark and the landing lit up, and I suppose Puss has been in and upset that little saucepan of linseed oil I boiled down on the gas-ring for the furniture. How queer and horrid it smells! As if it was still warm! I wonder if I left the ring burning and it's boiled over and put it out? But then I'd smell escaping gas—I put a shilling in downstairs.'

She advanced farther, and stood, sniffing strongly. '*It's a horrid smell!*' she said, half aloud, 'but there's no gas in it. I wish I had my candle. Now I'll have to grope all the way to the mantelpiece to find matches.'

The geography of her bedroom she knew by heart, in its main features identical with the bigger room beneath it which Mr. Barrum had taken over furnished. On her left as she entered stood a mahogany bedstead, its head-board to the wall in which the door was set, and between it and the doorway two feet or so of space. The floor was not perfectly level here ; it sloped a little from bedside to door in both upper and lower rooms, perhaps owing to some subsidence of the foundations. On the other side of the bed stood a small table and a chair ; then, in the corner, a marble-topped washstand. Then came the outer wall, with its tall, heavily curtained window giving upon an iron balcony adorned with window-boxes, at this moment bare of foliage and planted with bulbs. Her dressing-table stood at the further angle of the window.

To her right at this moment should stretch an expanse of worn carpet, bounded finally by her big wardrobe and the inner wall. Immediately ahead of her, at the other end of the room, was the fireplace, with a mantelpiece of green marble austere undraped, bearing knick-knacks and photographs and, just beneath the gas-bracket, the desired matches.

She waited where she was for a moment in order to accustom herself to the darkness, then moved cautiously forward. After a couple of paces her stockinged feet suddenly encountered a damp, sticky patch on the carpet from which she recoiled with an involuntary shudder. Stooping, she investigated with her fingers, and touched a small tepid pool. The queer warmish smell smote her face afresh. A primitive nerve of fear leaped within her. Some instinct knew and responded to this smell by a spasm of terror, but still she could not name it.

'Pah !' cried Miss Griffith aloud, and, surging across the room reckless of noise, fumbled on the mantel-shelf. Unexpected books clattered to the fender and she groaned her dismay. This was not her room. To the daftness of a distracted day she had added a final idiocy of trespass ; but obviously Mr. Barrum had not come to bed, for he would long before this have awakened and challenged her. And yet . . . even as the books crashed amid the fire-irons she seemed to detect a faint, hurried rustling.

A breeze bellied the long curtains, admitting a dim chink of lamplight from the street. The window was open, and that, with the open door and consequent draught, would account for the rustle. Had Mr. Barrum, writing in the adjoining room, heard the crash ? In any case she had better light up, and explain her blunder if he

should come in before she had restored the books to their usual place. Somehow she was frightened of the dark to-night; afraid, on her return journey, of treading in that tepid pool, though it was probably only hair-oil. Mr. Barrum used hair-oil and his dressing-chest was that side of the room. His 'char' reported him very untidy. He was quite likely to have dropped a bottle of oil there without clearing it up properly; and in that case there might be broken glass about.

Her quivering hands found the match-box, struck a light, and kindled the burner. Turning round with her back to the fire-place she looked across the bed's low footboard to her tenant as he lay sagging sideways from pillow to floor, head and right arm close to the carpet, so that, almost, she had brushed them on entering; dripping red sheets dragged about him as though, feebly, he had fought with death.

For perhaps two seconds the stout, terrified woman stood as the leaping light had found her; then, heedless of stained hands and dabbled feet, she flew to the bedside, lifted the limp head and shoulders back upon the pillows, and struggled hopelessly to knit a severed jugular vein already emptied of blood.

After a moment she drew back, sick and shivering. He was dead, dead beyond all hope, even to her inexperience. Her heart, pounding in her breast as though to drive back the weakness which threatened her, beat broken words through her brain. . . . 'Not suicide, O God, not suicide!' By them she measured unawares the depth of her unintentional love. . . . 'Murder, not suicide, O God! Not that!'

She looked among the tumbled bedclothes and then on the floor. No weapon there, and a man who has cut his own throat fatally does not usually have time, after doing the deed, wherein to conceal his razor. Her first agonising fear rolled away from her.

It was murder, and she must call in the police and the dead man's doctor immediately; but in her sick faintness she clung to the edge of the open door with wet hands, unable, for that minute, to move. As the mist of semi-consciousness cleared away she found herself gazing across the bed to the small table beyond it, where an open deed-box cascaded forth papers, one of which had fallen upon the coverlet. Her sister's unmistakable script caught her eye, and pulled together her scattered senses.

She must call in the police, but first her sister's personal correspondence with James Barrum must be removed. No one inquiring

into this ghastly business need be informed of anything private in Emily's marriage, and more than once Mrs. Burnett had hinted to Amelia that James Barrum alone knew its whole history and the true character of John; that this it was which made all idea of meeting him afresh repugnant to her. Miss Griffith released her grip of the door, groped her way weakly round the foot of the bed, and picked up the fallen letter. Its opening phrase, and the date, barely a week old, arrested her attention. Involuntarily she sank down upon the chair beside the table as she read.

'John,' began the letter, 'Why do you keep me so short of money? I have told you that Amelia has to help me to educate your boy. Yet only six months ago I know that you inherited capital from your cousin. You are well-off now, but you never told me. I learnt it by the notice of his Will in the paper. All *you* did was to write proposing to take my boy away from me for yourself, and to pension me off in return with another miserable £100 p.a. You trade upon my fear, John, my fear that the fact of your bigamy with me may leak out and that Billy may be branded illegitimate. You know well that, but for Billy, long ago I would have exposed you, prosecuted you, seen you imprisoned. Only you promised faithfully that whenever your wife dies you will marry me under your present name. So I have waited, and all along, in spite of myself, I have loved you. You were angry because I would not go on living with you, but at least I found you a home where Amelia could take care of you if you were ill. Oh, John, have you no love left for me now? Your last suggestion is so cruel, so cruel. If I do not hear from you by Tuesday I shall come to London myself on Wednesday, and I shall come to see you and have it out with you; and if you do not stay in to see me, or refuse me what I shall ask of you, then I shall tell Amelia everything, for I am growing desperate, indeed I think that sometimes, like your wretched wife, I am mad.

'Billy's mother,
'E.'

Wednesday! If Emily had travelled from Scotland on Wednesday she would be in London now, for this was Thursday night. That was the first isolated fact which leapt up to Amelia as a truth from the midst of the unbelievable. Following it came a rush of realisation, of shaking horror, of suspicion.

And she herself had . . . almost . . . loved the dead man on the bed . . . believed him fine of spirit as of face.

All thought of immediately calling the police deserted her. A glance at the letters overflowing from the box revealed plainly enough that they were all addressed to James Barrum in her sister's hand and all began with 'John' or 'Dear John.' He had kept them all. Some were tied neatly together with bits of white ribbon. She folded the first-read with fingers grown suddenly steady, and saw inscribed upon its back, in Mr. Barrum's scholarly writing, a note : ' I shall keep her short till she comes back to me. I will have her.'

Amelia stared at the words numbly. Gentle, distant, kindly Mr. Barrum had written them. For nearly sixteen years these two strong wills, these two concentrated hearts, had strained against each other, loving and duelling over their different conceptions of honour. Had their strife ended in this dreadful thing upon the bed ? Savage end to a savage love between a little dainty firefly of a woman and a grey-haired fastidious scholar !

Miss Griffith ceased shaking and for a while sat still. It seemed to her that her brain became preternaturally cool. She replaced the letters in the deed-box, locked it, and, leaving the key in the lock, carried it towards the door. Possibly in the next room, Mr. Barrum's sitting-room, his evening fire yet smouldered in the grate. She must build it up, destroy utterly every letter in the box, and search his every drawer and locker for any further evidence of his relationship with Emily.

Neither Mr. Barrum's charwoman nor her own was due to appear until eight o'clock the following morning. She had till then in which to complete her plan of action. If Mr. Barrum's woman came first she would send her away with a fictitious message from him. Her own she would immediately send to the nearest Post Office which would then be open for telegrams, thence to dispatch a pre-paid wire to Emily at Edinburgh—or rather to that sensible boy Billy. If Emily was at home then this nightmare suspicion would be allayed ; if she had indeed left for London on Wednesday then Amelia would know the worst, and must act accordingly. Somehow, by some miracle, Emily, responsible mother of the beloved Billy, must be shielded from suspicion. Her moral account she must settle with God alone and in secret, not with Society in public. That was unthinkable.

With face averted from the bed Amelia stooped to draw on the shoes which stood awaiting her by the mat. Right foot and then left foot she shod ; stood rigid, stooped again and drew off either

shoe. No ; she had put them on correctly, but they did not fit. Under the toes of the left foot the inner sole was thickened.

So standing she heard from far down in that well of darkness which was the hall the soft heavy well-oiled 'click' of the front door closing.

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It is doubtful if in the whole of London there could have been found a sincerer, a more guileless nature than that of Amelia Griffith. She possessed the sincerity and honesty of a quick intelligence dominated by a high spiritual code. The few small deceptions of her life had always sprung from causes humorous or affectionate, transparent as her innocent eyes.

And yet, during that eventful night, no criminal set about his self-appointed task of crime with greater cunning or closer care, with steadier nerve or clearer mind. For she had the clarity and steadiness of a soul self-immolated, upon which no draught of temporal fear can blow.

In Mr. Barrum's sitting-room red coals glowed still behind the grate's old-fashioned bars. Amelia put down the deed-box by the hearth, went to the bathroom, and washed her hands thoroughly. With patent cleaner and hot water she scoured the yet damp traces of her fingers from the bedroom door. Until she knew for certain what the changed shoes seemed to assert, what everything in that fearful room now seemed to assert, she must run no needless risks to herself, and finger-prints would certainly be looked for. Yet, even as she destroyed the obvious train of evidence against herself she must also prepare a subtler train of similar evidence in case such should be needed.

Closing his door upon the murdered man she went quietly downstairs to the hall and drew on a pair of old fine kid gloves from the glove-box in the hatstand. Then she returned to her tenant's sitting-room and began her work.

A big fire soon burnt cheerfully on the hearth. Into it fell each finely shredded letter from the tin box. In a pigeon-hole of Mr. Barrum's open roll-top desk she found his keys, and breathed a prayer of thankfulness that so little time had been wasted. Thoroughly, systematically, she searched every nook and cranny of his desk and his well-filled book-shelves. In a locked drawer she found twenty pounds in notes. Yesterday she had cashed a cheque of her own for twenty pounds, but she had used all the money to pay

bills. She transferred the notes to her pocket. At a pinch they, in conjunction with her tragic accounts below in the green dining-room, might supply the ' motive ' necessary in her case for an act of murder and serve to avert attention from any other possibility.

She did not find much paper to burn, although she returned to the dead man's bedroom and searched each drawer and garment minutely, praying meanwhile that there might be no document lodged at his Bank which could betray her sister. Under what name was he known there? Would all her efforts to hide this scandal fail? Well, at the worst, should the tale of his double marriage come to light, she had the strong incentive of the avenging sister to turn suspicion upon herself, and somehow Emily must be made to hold her tongue. Emily would be silent for Billy's sake—Billy whom she loved better than she loved her sister . . . unless Emily, mad and distraught, had already gone out and committed suicide. But from that thought Amelia's mind recoiled, refusing utterly to consider it.

She must do what she could. After that one could only lie down in the hand of God. Meantime her ingrained habit of method and thoroughness stood her in good stead.

By seven o'clock of a grey October morning her task was finished. The very ashes in the grate were ground to powder. Her stained thin stockings were burnt, her splashed white silk jumper. A clean, fresh, tired-eyed woman stepped out of a warm bath to face whatever the day might bring forth, and quietly appraised the details of the situation.

Two courses lay before her, approved by her now curiously level mind, from which all power of emotion seemed to have been swept away.

In the closed bedroom on the first floor there stood, she knew, a crimson bed supporting a hideously dead man; yet memory of it was as impersonal as memory of a cinema film.

At eight o'clock would come either Mrs. Gobling or Mrs. Pike. Mrs. Gobling would, temporarily, be returned empty, with word that Mr. Barrum had been writing all night and had left, as he sometimes did, instructions that he was not to be disturbed by her till noon. Mrs. Pike upon arriving would be sent to carry the already-written telegram to the Post Office round the corner, and from there would return to her usual jobs in the basement. When the reply to the telegram came through then Amelia would know which of these two courses to follow: whether to bid Mrs. Pike carry up a cup of tea to

Mr. Barrum and so 'discover' the murder committed by a hand unknown (poor Mrs. Pike . . . but it would be necessary!) or whether, quietly ringing up the Police Station on Mr. Barrum's own 'phone, she should give herself up as his murderer. In that case she must first re-enter the bedroom and deliberately dip Mr. Barrum's spare razor into that pool upon the floor; drop it, maybe, and leave it there; for the original weapon had vanished, nor could she tell anybody where it might be found.

The probability of this latter course sickened her a little with physical revulsion, but further she could not feel. Perhaps later on sensation might return to her; not now. It was just as well that it should not.

She drew up the dining-room blinds and looked out upon a misty October world; lit her gas fire and the kettle-boiler on its top, as she did every morning about this time; lifted a white cloth which covered a tray arranged over-night, and proceeded to make her usual early breakfast. Her body clamoured suddenly for food and drink, but as she filled the teapot the front-door bell rang sharply. She put down the kettle, and for one fleeting moment knew panic. Then common sense regained control. Mrs. Pike always came thus to the front door, and had even been known to appear there at seven-thirty, when Mr. Pike was out of work.

Hurriedly Amelia sipped a mouthful of tea, and then stepped firmly across the hall, even as the bell rang again with a peal which was emphatically not Mrs. Pike's discreet tinkle. Miss Griffith unlocked the heavy door, swung it open, admitting a smell of frosted leaves, and stared blankly at her early visitor, a small, dark, middle-aged woman arrayed in an old-fashioned fawn raincoat and a bright red, exceedingly new, helmet-shaped felt hat. Brilliant black eyes smiled up at her from a much-lined dusky face.

'I must apologise,' said the woman in a confidential tone of voice, 'for ringing you up at this unearthly hour; but I have come back to return you your shoes. I took them inadvertently, you know. May I come in? My name is Burnett . . . or Barrum, if you like it that way, and I have so much to explain.'

She stepped past the speechless Amelia, closed the door with the same soft 'click' which had echoed in Miss Griffith's ears ever since last night, and stood smiling at her with the air of an elder person quietly amused by a child's bewilderment. 'Do you think,' she said sweetly, 'that you could give me a cup of tea and some breakfast? I've been walking about all night since I left here, and

your shoes are even more uncomfortable than your sister's. If you'll give me a nice cup of hot tea I'll explain myself better.'

Amelia pulled her failing wits sharply together.

'You are . . . Mrs. Barrum ?' she asked incredulously.

'The same,' replied her visitor briskly, 'and of course I killed my husband upstairs. You needn't worry about that, and I'm afraid you must have been worrying ! I didn't intend to give myself up ; I meant your amiable sister to pay the proper price for stealing him ; I intended leaving her slippers beside him to complete the chain of evidence, because really and truly I've been awfully annoyed with her. But I changed my mind at the last moment, after you blundered into the room. I decided to get away and go back to the Asylum and explain, because, you see, they can't hang me . . . I'm quite mad now, ever since they discharged me as cured. I was sane before that, you know ; that's the funny part of it ; but they finished me off between them, John and the Lunacy people. When I put on the shoes I picked up in the dark . . . after I'd left this house . . . I realised at once that I'd got hold of the wrong pair. So I had some coffee at a stall and walked about and thought things over and decided to come back. Now, please do give me that cup of tea and then we'll call up the police . . . on Johnny's own 'phone . . . Rather a joke, isn't it ?'

She giggled cheerfully ; then abruptly grasped her fainting hostess by the elbow, drawing her along the passage.

'Hold up !' she adjured ; 'there's nothing to faint about. I guessed that if you'd found the shoes you wouldn't call in the police at once on account of Emily, and that everything would be messed up. There. Drink your tea. Is there any brandy anywhere ?'

They had somehow reached the dining-room, and Amelia found herself pushed solicitously into an arm-chair and plied with hot tea. She shook her head to the query about brandy and swallowed a scalding drink with helpless obedience. Her uninvited guest seized the empty cup and poured out a fresh supply for herself, then took a seat by the fireplace, rested a pair of neat feet, clad in Amelia's slippers, upon the hob, and wagged an admonitory finger, demanding attention.

'Just listen,' she said, 'and I'll tell you everything. Did you read all those letters by John's bed ? Yes ? Well, then, of course you know about your sister's position and mine. John met her six months after he'd had me put away, and apparently lost his head. They discharged me as cured three years ago, but I didn't want,

then, to see him again, so we kept apart, and I knew nothing about his behaviour. But it just happened that I went to Edinburgh out of curiosity to see the house his aunt there had left him while I was shut up, and . . . I discovered your sister.'

Amelia's recovered voice broke harshly into the narrative.

'You *didn't* tell her who you were?' she cried passionately.

'No. I felt curious about her, and angry; much too angry with *him* to give myself away until I'd sized up the situation carefully. He thought I'd gone back to Brazil, you know. I'm half Brazilian. So I had, for a few months. Well! I rented the house next to hers, furnished, for a while and we made friends. She's difficult to get hold of, your sister, but I can always make people like me. She knew me as Mrs. O'Brien, an Irish woman, and, for her, she became quite confidential. But one day I called to see her rather early, when she was upstairs. That boy of John's let me in and then went back to his preparation. So I had a look at her desk and read a letter of my husband's.' The dark eyes sparkled angrily. 'I hated her after that.'

'Why couldn't you pity her?' said Amelia. 'Why try to harm her?'

'*Why?*' asked the woman vehemently. 'She had more than ever I had; a child, and sixteen years of his unshaken love! *Why?* Because he loathed me before our honeymoon was ended and told her so, comparing us. He was glad to see me shut up behind strong walls and barred windows. He hated my love . . . it frightened him! I dug out my heart and gave it to him and he said it was a raw thing!' She rose, and moved restlessly about, sat down again, and resumed her tale.

'I decided then what to do,' she said, 'but I could not see how to bring it about until last week came, when Providence played into my hands. Your sister . . . I found her in quite an hysterical condition one afternoon. She told me that she was going up to London on Wednesday to see you and "her business man" who lodged with you. She showed me a latch-key, and said, laughing, that she had kept it for twenty years and never used it, and wasn't that strange? Then she put it down carelessly on a table, and I—acquired it. I asked if I might smooth my hair in her bedroom, and I acquired a pair of her shoes too. I knew about her foot and yours, and that nobody could mistake her shoes.'

Miss Griffith licked dry lips and leant forward urgently.

'Is Emily in London?' she asked.

Mrs. Barrum nodded complacently.

'Oh yes! we both travelled by the same train on Wednesday night; we both went to the same hotel; but *she* didn't know it. And last night she came here, late in the evening. I was behind her when she walked up and down, up and down, outside in the mist and the fallen leaves—and then lost her courage and did not ring the bell. I saw a policeman watching her as she went away. So I waited until nearly ten o'clock, and then I let myself in quietly and went upstairs . . . and did it . . . at last!'

She stopped, looking at Miss Griffith as though for approval. White and silent, her solitary audience gazed back at her.

'That was at ten o'clock,' continued Mrs. Barrum, carefully checking the course of events, and pouring out another cup of tea. 'I wore gloves, and I buried the razor in the flower-box on the balcony. It was important that it should be found sooner or later, and a window-box is always searched; but any possibility of suicide had to be ruled out. I wore your sister's shoes, and put them down by the door-mat, as though she had slipped them off coming in in the dark. I shut the door and found the box of letters by his bed, and read them. They fascinated me so much that I took a long time over them and suddenly heard you begin to come upstairs, so I put out the light and stood between the door and the bed. It was odd, but John seemed to pull at my dress as I did so, yet he was perfectly dead. You ought to have gone on up—I knew that; but you blundered in, talking aloud to yourself. (That's a bad habit, you know; the first sign of insanity.) I realised what a mistake you'd made at once, but I did not know what you were doing when you took off your shoes, and while you were groping about for matches on the mantelpiece I suddenly . . . regretted about Emily, on account of you. It seemed a bit mean to break your heart over her. So I picked up the shoes and slipped out, just as those books fell. I put on my raincoat on the doorstep, and I've walked about ever since, thinking of the trouble I've caused you, you poor dear soul! Emily extolled you, you understand. So I thought I'd come back and explain to you personally before I did anything else, and set your mind at rest. I've squared up all my own accounts nicely, and now I'll ring up the Police Station.'

'No!'

Amelia's cold hand caught Mrs. Barrum's arm tightly. She stood up, large and pallid beside the brown and red of her slight companion.

'Don't do that yet!' she begged, 'however mad you are. Can't you see . . . Emily's secret and the boy's . . . your reason for killing . . . you'll give them away. I'd rather be hanged myself, for murder and theft!'

The almost monkey-like brown face upturned to hers creased into smiles.

'Oh, nonsense, my dear!' said Mrs. Burnett, firmly. 'Surely you never contemplated doing that? Heavens! how lucky it is I returned! You forget that my dear husband had me shut up for years as insane, and that I owed him grudges enough without dragging in bigamy. By the way, did you burn those letters? I spread 'em about quite artistically.'

'Every one. Utterly.'

'The papers with them, the Scotch marriage certificate?'

'Yes.'

'His Bank, I know, knows of no other wife to John Burnett than myself. His will may be in Emily's favour, but it would hardly be worded so as to betray her. Did you read her letter to him about that? Good. Very well then. Sit down! And don't be a donkey!'

Amelia subsided. The deep slow tide of her soul rose suddenly and bore her into darkness. Slowly she fell forward in the seat which she had just resumed, face and arms among the scattered china of her tea-tray. Milk poured in a thin white stream across the green tablecloth, washing a worn unconscious hand.

Her visitor stood looking down at her gravely for a moment, and then went out of the room, quietly closing the door. A few minutes later a telephone at the Police Station rang sharply.

'Police?' queried a cheerful voice over the wire. 'Right! Well, will you please send someone along to arrest me here—Five, Albert Crescent? I've killed my husband! Goodbye!'

THE GODS OF THE SACRED GROVE.

*SOME ASPECTS OF CANNIBALISM, HEAD-HUNTING AND
HUMAN SACRIFICE AS THEY PERSIST TO-DAY.*

BY FULAHN

(Late of the Intelligence and Native Administrative Services,
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Two recent outbreaks of cannibalism, one in the Solomon Islands signalised by the murder of two British officials and their escort of native police, and the other in the delta region of Papua, or New Guinea, off the coast of North Australia, where five hundred savages are reported to have been massacred and eaten by cannibalistic enemies, throw a strange light on savage life as it is lived in the remote corners of our Empire. Only a few months previously natives from the mainland of Australia attacked a mission station in the Crocodile Islands, just off the same north Australian coast, and would undoubtedly have massacred the missionaries as victims for a cannibal orgy had they not been driven off in a desperate hand-to-hand fight.

We have so little to remind us that Australia is a country with a savage black population that it seems absurd to visualise Australia with the golden fields of the farmer's wheat, the placid herds of the rancher's sheep, and those concrete palaces of Melbourne's streets in the same panorama as the grim orgies of the blackfoot's cobba-cobba dance. But the fact remains that cannibalism is still rife in Australasia, in the romantic islands of her coasts, in the very heart of the great continent, in those dark interior forests of her north and north-west backblocks.

Captain G. H. Wilkins, the explorer, who penetrated into those fastnesses of primitive savagery not long ago, found there aborigines as fierce as any in dark Africa, berigged in belts of human hair and skin, dancing the cobba-cobba in an orgy of cannibal frenzy at those seasons of the year when their totem animals, their hunting, bush and river gods, demanded human sacrifice.

It may well be asked why the Australian Government does not definitely stamp out these terrible practices. The answer is that the cult of cannibalism, like those of head-hunting and human sacrifice which are still rife in many odd corners of our Empire, confronts

the administrator with one of the most difficult of the hydra-headed problems which beset those who bring British law to savage races.

Curious as it may sound to say so, cannibalism is a type of devotional religion : and a religion, be it the brutal cult of the naked savage or the inspired creed of the aesthete, is apt to resent with fanatical vigour any attempt to suppress or eradicate it.

One of the ritual dances of the Australian blackfoot gives the key to the strange persistence of cannibalism amongst savage races. In this rite, the crocodile dance, the savage warriors are bedaubed with white clay and red ochre ; they adorn themselves with girdles of knuckle bones and other grisly relics of man-hunting forays, plait crocodile teeth into their hair and fasten dingo tails to the napes of their necks and their elbows. To start the dance they line up with their legs straddled so as to make a long tunnel of limbs. The last man in the line drops on his knees and elbows and crawls through this tunnel, mimicking the movements of a crocodile, grunting, snorting, snapping. The women, or 'gins,' as Australia calls them, sit around clapping, singing and shouting, keeping time to a syncopated rhythm sometimes borne out by the thunder of log drums. Not until the last man has pretended to be a crocodile—a hungry crocodile seeking his prey as he emerges from his lair—does the cannibal orgy begin.

It needs but little insight into savage ritual to penetrate the symbolism of this cannibal rite. It is performed by savages who for untold generations have had frightful cause to hold in grim respect the crocodiles which haunt the creeks of their country, the most fearsome living creatures known to them. What more natural than to endow these most terrible creatures of their primitive world with supernatural powers ? By many savage tribes it is believed that the spirits of their tribal dead, who direct the destinies of the living, take up their abode in crocodiles : other tribes aver that crocodiles are none other than the worldly manifestations in reptilian form of 'alungu,' or bush, river, rain and harvest gods. In every continent where these great amphibians occur, primitive peoples regard them as totem, tabu or sacred animals.

Thus, in the crocodile dance, the tribe has raided an enemy tribe to wreak vengeance for some tribal wrong : who but their crocodile god gave their warriors conquest over their enemies ? To whom else should the spoils of victory be sacrificed ? And what fitter for the sacrifice than the very captives whom the crocodile god has himself delivered into the victors' hands ?

From such human sacrifice, to appease and invoke the gods, it is but a human step to cannibalism, to imitate the gods. In the same way as the Dorobo hunter of East Africa devours vital parts of the elephants which he slays, believing that the vitals of that mighty pachyderm will endow his puny frame with elephantine vigour; in the same trust that impels warriors of many savage tribes to eat the hearts of brave enemies slain in battle or lions killed in the hunt in order that their valour or ferocity may be acquired by the killer, so does the cannibal hope to transmit to himself some of the power and greatness of his tribal god when he joins in the rites of the orgy. In the crocodile dance each savage warrior becomes for the moment a godlike crocodile, fierce, strong, terrible to behold. Indeed, the psychological effect of such savage dances in which natives mimic totem animals is sometimes so intense that men pretending to be lions, leopards, and other fearsome beasts are carried away by the violence of their fervour and become seized of lycanthropic mania which evinces itself in a permanent delusion that they really are lions, leopards, or crocodiles as the case may be. The notorious 'antu-nsimba' of Ussure and other parts of central Africa, man-eating lion-men, crazy witch-doctors who prowl the kraals behaving exactly like man-eating lions, roaring, seizing and devouring human victims, are in many cases lycanthropic subjects suffering from such delusions.

Thus, in the crocodile dance, the cannibal having assumed the godlike crocodile shape as nearly as he may by mimicry, goes on to partake of the sacrifice offered to the crocodile god as a further step in his endeavour to make himself as godlike as he may. A peculiar variation of this ritual occurs amongst certain tribes in the mountain fastnesses of Upper India, where, in certain districts, boys are selected at an early age as sacrificial subjects for the harvest gods. They are carefully nurtured until they attain sacrificial age, when they are dragged by the villagers into the cornfields, bound to trees and beaten to death, every villager striving to get in his blow as his personal share of the sacrificial rite. Parts of the victims' bodies are then ceremonially offered to the corn god of the district; but the limbs are torn to fragments by the fanatic village mob, and each man having secured his piece, rushes with it to his own grain-plot and there buries it in the ground by ritual of his own, in the firm belief that his own private offering to the corn god will invoke that deity's particular attention to himself and swell his plot with a teeming harvest.

In nearly every religion in the world, even in that of the Western Established Church, we find traces of a definite ritual of a similar kind, in which worshippers break to pieces, or devour, or drink, or eat either the real or symbolic body or blood of someone sacrificed.

In cannibalism we have this ritual in its crude, brutal, primitive form as a rite of the savage's religion of which his medicine-men and witch-doctors are the administering priests.

In some very exceptional cases, it is true, cannibalism has had a different origin, and these cases are worthy of note in contrast. The menace of famine and the terrors of death from starvation, as well as mania and what can only be described as vampirism, have caused cannibalism. When faced with a food shortage some while ago the natives of Terra del Fuego, the southernmost land of South America, killed and devoured a number of the old women of their tribe; but this practice is against all the canons of true cannibalism: the cannibal's victim must be one not of his own kin and clan.

In Canada, the last country in the world that one would associate with such a practice, there was an outbreak of cannibalism not long back, when vast bush fires in the district known as Barren Lands, east of Hudson Bay, not only drove away the herds of caribou deer on which the Esquimaux and Indians of North America depended for their main meat supply, but, by burning out the granaries and villages, destroyed such poor stores of crops as had been garnered, robbed the natives of their homes and reduced them to an appalling condition of distress. Thus faced with death by starvation, scattered settlements of Indians and Esquimaux reverted to cannibalism: an exigency which prompted the Canadian Government to import reindeer, for breeding up into immense herds, as a reserve meat supply for the distressed tribes.

A similar desperate situation occurred in the Yakutsk province of Siberia some months ago when thousands of peasants joined in a frantic gold rush to Tommot in the desolate Aldan river country. The majority died in the ice-grip of the trackless forests, but a few struggled on to the neighbourhood of Tommot, where they lost themselves; their scanty food supplies gave out; they were reduced to eating their boots. When even that desperate food reserve was ended they were faced with the choice of death from starvation or a grim survival by eating such of their number who had already died of cold and exposure. They chose the cannibal course. The time came when all the available human flesh had been consumed and no other member of the party had died. The

report states 'by this time the adventurers had almost accustomed themselves to a cannibal diet'; that is interesting to note. It was decided to cast lots as to who should be the next victim: but as luck would have it they came across a dead horse and were able to live on its flesh until they could struggle through to the huts of Tommot.

Another remarkable report of cannibalism comes from Moldava, in Czecho-Slovakia, where in March of last year (1927) the leader of a band of gipsies, one Alexander Silke, arrested on a charge of murdering five people, confessed that his victims were killed and eaten, and that several gipsy women participated in that ghastly banquet: in all, nine persons were arrested and charged with cannibalism. An even more extraordinary case was that of a Roumanian gamekeeper, one Florian Alelei, who was found to have murdered two men and a woman, and who confessed that he had a mania for eating human flesh. 'I killed the first man to eat him,' he said when arrested. 'I thought it a terrible thing to do, but when I had tasted his flesh I could not go without it. It was worse than the craving for the most potent drug.'

But these cases show cannibalism in a very different aspect from the cannibalistic orgy of the savage. Brought about by the duress of hunger and the frenzy of mania, they emphasise that the cannibal savage does not devour his victim because he is ravenous for human flesh. Doubtless he acquires a craving for it, and one sees a hint of such unnatural appetite in the words of a cannibal chief of Anuta in the South Seas, who told a recent explorer that he much preferred black man's flesh to white because 'white man's flesh did not eat much better than soap, but black man's flesh was like mamie-apple (pawpaw), a delicious fruit.' Be that as it may, behind the orgy of the cannibal is fear of his tribal gods, the desire to invoke and appease those terrible deities and to assimilate some of their character and power by mimicry and a partaking of their feast.

Since the medicine-men and witch-doctors of savage tribes are the intermediaries between the tribal gods and the tribesfolk, the priests who interpret through the medium of witchcraft and magic those signs and omens, dreams and visitations of disaster by which the tribal gods express their benevolence or their wrath, it is not unnatural that behind every outbreak of cannibalism we find the influence of witch-doctors and medicine-men and the mysteries of black magic.

A typical instance occurred in French West Guinea a few months ago when the police, who were searching for an abducted girl, came across the remains of a cannibal feast in the forests of the Landumana tribe: in earthen pots hidden beneath branches they found the remains of human limbs. Six savages who had taken part in this cannibal orgy were tracked down; one of them, a woman, confessed that she was a member of a secret society of witch-doctors whose ritual demanded that a human victim should be sacrificed and devoured in order that the witch-doctors might continue *en rapport*, as it were, with the rain, corn, and health gods of their tribe. It is highly probable that this woman spoke in all truth and sincerity. Much as they have been reviled, all witch-doctors are not rogues. Many of the powerful chiefs and a large proportion of the old men of the councils of elders who control the tribal destinies of savage races under British rule are natives appointed by our Government, men of deep intuition, high moral and disciplinary sense, clever, honest and honourable.

That they are often swayed by primitive beliefs and savage ritualism not in accord with our European laws and creeds is not to say that they are evil, insincere or untrustworthy. Who, indeed, shall aver that the loyal savage chief who sits in his wattle hut invoking the aid of his tribal god to succour his people in health and harvest, and the honourable heritage of their tribal pride, is less devout or sincere than the Arab merchant singing his 'suras' to Allah in some nearby mosque, or the Hindu trader who prays to his gods in that whitewashed store from whence he sells wire, and beads, and cloth to the tribesfolk of the savage chief?

It is not for us to judge the quality of faith, or for us to say that the witch-doctor who appeals to his god, Munankali, praying 'Lamaa Munankali—ponile antu ensi! O thou, Giver of life—guard thy people!' is insincere. That is for the gods.

The sheer sincerity of savage faith in tribal gods was amazingly evinced when Sir Harcourt Butler, the British Governor of Upper Burma, penetrated into the fastnesses of the Naga Hills not long ago with the object of persuading Naga tribesmen to abandon slavery and head-hunting.

The Nagas gave the Governor a great welcome; on the subject of slaves they were amenable enough. They were willing to free the slaves they held; they agreed not to go slave-hunting or slave-trading again.

But on the question of head-hunting they were adamant. An

official report states that they were 'courteous and polite, but firm on the subject of human sacrifice, stating that pestilence would visit them if they gave up these practices.' The spirits of their ancestors, they declared, would send plague and famine to the Naga villages if deprived of their human victims.

This Naga head-hunting custom is so curious, indeed, that from one viewpoint it is rather an honour to be beheaded by a Naga head-hunter, as the Naga warrior himself is apt to tell his victim. When on their head-hunting forays in the mountain and jungle passes of their country they meet a stranger, they take him home to their village, ply him with palatable food and drink, and dress him in gaudy clothing. They then behead him with much ceremony and cut off his hands and feet; but they first explain to him that they bear him no ill-will, but that an honour is being conferred on him, since he is to enter the world of the Naga gods of health and harvest. They implore him not to think of them in an unfriendly vein, since they particularly want his ghost to stay in the sacred grove of their village and help guard their huts against evil spirits; those bad spirits being none other than the ghosts of their own departed kith and kin who, they say, have a distressing and destructive habit of prowling round the Naga huts.

Built in the mountain fastnesses of Upper Burma, the Naga villages are each surrounded by an impenetrable barricade of thorn and cactus, through which the only approach to the huts is by way of a low winding tunnel, the floor of which bristles with poisoned stakes set up to put a short and painful end to unwanted intruders.

The Nagas are indeed a nervous race living in daily fear of the incursions more of devils and demons than of flesh and muscle enemies. The origin of their fears is made evident by the sacred groves of trees between the villages, the groves of skulls. Gloomy and indescribably awesome are these groves, haunted, if ever places were, by the spirits of the dead, by demons and all the unformed horrors of the savage mind.

In their unholy shade, beneath huge gnarled boles which tower to a roof of tangled branches so dense with leafage that even the rays of the mountain sun cannot penetrate, stand rows of poles, hideously carved, garishly painted. At the top of each pole is impaled a human skull. These skulls are the head-hunter's trophies and so long as the skulls remain on the poles, so the Nagas say, the ghosts of their one-time owners will live in the sacred grove and

drive away the hordes of jinns, demons and ancestral spirits intent on invading the Naga villages.

Head-hunting in the Naga hills used to start in March; the sacrifices and corn feasts taking place in April.

As a result of Sir Harcourt Butler's visit, and remarkable work done by Mr. T. Barnard of the Burma Frontier Service since, the Nagas have now undertaken to abandon head-hunting. But they did not do so without much misgiving. They asked that they might have one grand sacrifice to propitiate the gods as their custom was, to parade the rice and opium fields with the hands and feet of their victims tied to poles in token of thanksgiving.

But at last they agreed to slaughter bulls instead of human beings. Five hundred chiefs attended a Government 'manau' or festival; seven buffaloes were slaughtered for a feast, and as sacrifice to the gods. Poles like those of the sacred groves were erected and adorned with flowers—the Nagas worship flowers. The priests of the tribe retired to commune with their gods. Then, one by one the buffalo bulls were led to the poles, anointed with magic water and slaughtered by the priests. An amazing feature of the renunciation of their rites was the presentation to the Government by the Naga chiefs of eighty-two human skulls, the spoils of the head-hunting forays.

The part that primitive religion plays in head-hunting is here clearly evident. Even in towns in India, where civilised influences are strong, the old primitive fear of the gods and the desire to placate them is sometimes evidenced in the shedding of human blood. Not long ago a Hindu woman of Hyderabad kidnapped the year-old daughter of a local jeweller and buried her alive in a pit in order to propitiate a goddess who was believed to be the guardian of some hidden treasure which, the sorcerers declared, would not be revealed except by human sacrifice. At Calcutta, more recently, a son of an Indian family fell sick and was thought to be possessed of a devil. To invoke the goddess of health one of his sister's fingers was cut off and blood-soaked bread was offered to the goddess; but as this proved unavailing the girl was killed as sacrifice: even then the boy did not recover, so he himself was offered to the goddess! He was starved, and then, stripped naked, was bound to a stake near a holy place where he died from exposure.

In many parts of Africa cannibalism is still practised, though in British Africa it has been suppressed as a tribal custom. Only occasionally do outbreaks occur. There was one near Voi on the

Uganda Railway in Kenya three years ago, when a man of an Ateita tribe killed his ten-year-old son, and cut up, roasted and ate his body. This had a strange and involved witchcraft origin, the father believing that he and his family were bewitched to be eaten alive by man-eating lions and that his son was bewitched with black magic to be in league with the man-eaters: he sacrificed his son to the Teita sun-god. In Uganda cannibalism broke out recently, not many miles from the British seat of government, a secret society of witch-doctors taking part in cannibal orgies, at which young girls were the victims. In the Lango country of East Africa it is probable that a witch-doctor clan known as the 'achudani' still practise secretly a particularly revolting and ghoulish form of cannibalism, robbing the graves of their dead tribesfolk. Needless to say, swift action is taken by the Government when any such case comes to light, but in every case it is pleaded that the cannibalism is part of the magic ritual of witchcraft, and that the orgy was held to invoke or appease some savage god.

In the recent Papuan and Solomon Islands outbreaks one finds the same primitive religious motive at the root of the trouble. In the Solomons the match to the powder of the rising was the resentment by the natives of a poll-tax of 5s. to £1 on all male natives between sixteen and sixty. That was a tangible fighting spur. But behind it we find that several natives had been executed, after trial, for murders associated with witchcraft, and the relatives of the executed natives sought revenge to appease the spirits of the dead.

While in prison one of the chiefs who had attacked the murdered British commissioner declared, 'Me killed him; why no hang?' Indeed, why not be hanged to join that glorious throng of warriors before the tribal gods and share in the honour of the deed which avenged the slight upon their terrible and sacred savage power?

The Papuan rising was one of savage reprisal, and the cannibalistic orgy which resulted was but token to the gods of war. Nine Goro spies came prying in Morigio villages: they were caught and killed. The killings were the signal for the mustering of the warriors on both sides: they fought, many on both sides were killed and their bodies were seized, sacrificed to the opposing tribal gods by their adherents, and then devoured by the warriors seeking their share of that feast of which the gods partook.

Commenting upon these outbreaks, one of the leading voices of British public opinion stated: 'Occurrences like this should serve to strengthen our faith in our own civilisation. If it did no more than

eradicate slavery and cannibalism the influence of the European would be abundantly justified.' That sounds very like a truism. But some of us who have lived our lives amongst the savage people of the Empire would qualify it in a way. There are so many who still think that 'influence' with a savage means the bayonet and bullet, the hangman's rope, the whip and the flogging stool. The influence that is abundantly justified is of that type which, without threat, or punishment, or bloodshed, drew the head-hunters of the Naga hills to the 'manau' festival, there to renounce their cult of blood and give token of their sacred oath by garlanding their totem poles with flowers.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA, BUCKINGHAM, AND DUMAS.

THERE are some subjects of curiosity which, like certain comets, seem to have periodicity, though they appear, not in the sky, but, quite fittingly, in the periodical press. Among them are the questions whether Dr. Johnson was a frequenter of a particular tavern off Fleet Street; whether any or what French King wrote a couplet beginning '*Souvent femme varie*' with a diamond on a window-pane; and what was the origin of '*Les Trois Mousquetaires*.' On almost every occasion when such little matters come back into the correspondence columns of our journals they are raised and discussed as if they had never been heard of before, whereas usually they have been debated so often that, to many readers, they are as familiar as the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy or that concerning the authorship of the Junius Letters.

The case of '*Les Trois Mousquetaires*' is typical, and I raise this familiar subject again only because I have something to say on it which has never, in my recollection, been introduced into any of the many discussions about Dumas since I began seriously to read newspapers.

Thackeray is the only person I have heard of who has expressed a preference for the '*Mémoires de Monsieur d'Artagnan*,' by Courtilz de Sandras, over '*Les Trois Mousquetaires*' of Dumas. I have never been able to understand this preference. It is not to be supposed that the author of '*Esmond*' can have been jealous of Dumas and his book because each of those romances had been regarded, by different critics, as '*the best historical novel*.' The *Mémoires* are stodgy and verbose, the novel is brisk and brilliant. I have known many warm lovers of '*Les Trois Mousquetaires*,' but none of them more whole-heartedly enthusiastic than Andrew Lang, who regarded the book as one of the great masterpieces of romantic fiction, in which opinion I see nothing to question, any more than in his view that however much of the spadework of the whole '*Musketeer*' sequence may have been done by other hands employed by Dumas, it is to Dumas himself that we owe the almost unfailing invention, the dash and sparkle which have made those eleven or more volumes (the number varies with the editions) as familiar to many readers as '*Pickwick*' or '*Gulliver's Travels*.' Having just now enjoyed

them all again—'Les Trois Mousquetaires,' 'Vingt Ans Après,' and 'Le Vicomte de Bragelonne'—I have been in at the deaths of three of the famous quartette of gallant swordsmen, and of the son of Athos too, with a stronger conviction than ever that, allowing for all its faults—and they are pretty obvious—the whole thing is as fine as anything of its kind that has yet been accomplished.

The quality of much of the dialogue is commonly overlooked, in comparison with the excitement of the plots. I will give only one instance out of many that come readily to mind. But I will ask anyone who is not a hardened 'modernist' to read the chapter of 'Le Vicomte de Bragelonne' which is headed 'Un Amoureux et Une Maîtresse' without finding, in the badinage of Malicorne and Montalais, something akin to that even of Benedick and Beatrice themselves.

Dumas died, at his son's villa at Puys, near Dieppe, during the war in 1870, aged 67. He had published under his name, during forty years, more volumes than he could have copied out, had he made a whole-time job of it. His collaborators were numerous, and it is well established that he signed a good many poor things that he scarcely did more than edit, if even so much as that. But men who knew him well realised that his gifts for inventing dramatic situations, intrigues, and imbroglios, vivid and witty dialogue were immense.

At intervals, from the lifetime of Dumas up to within a year or two ago, attempts have been made to deprive him of the glory of the work on which his fame chiefly rests. When, on his death bed, he asked his son whether he thought that any of his work would survive, Dumas *filis* replied that 'Les Trois Mousquetaires' was immortal. It might be held that this answer really begged the question, especially when we remember the story of how, when the elder Dumas once said, 'Well, my son, have you read my new novel?' the younger Dumas replied, 'No, father, have you?' This last anecdote may seem to justify those who declare that even in the books which gave him fame Dumas merely edited, or sub-edited, the work of his literary assistants. But, even if the son made such a reply, which very likely he did, surely it was said with a twinkle in the eye, and a reference to the certain fact that a large proportion of the novels which bore the father's name were no more or less entirely his than were very many of the pictures by Rubens or Vandyk their unaided handiwork.

In 1919 the story that Auguste Maquet was the man to whom

the credit for 'Les Trois Mousquetaires' was due was revived in the *Revue de Paris* by M. Gustave Simon. He reviewed the evidence, familiar to many, which depends chiefly on letters written by Maquet and Dumas, to each other or to other persons. Such messages from Dumas to Maquet as 'Send me some copy as soon as possible, even if only ten pages,' or 'I have been two hours without anything to work on,' are in reality, I think, the easy keys to the 'mystery.' They are entirely in accord with the belief that Dumas, having sketched out a skeleton plot, gave materials and provided synopses for successive chapters, left his assistants to work on these, with the aid of histories and memoirs, and that, later on, taking what they had written, he worked up the dialogue, and heightened the 'excitement' of the books, and generally, as was said in a notorious trial over the authorship of certain work of plastic art, 'invested them with artistic merit.'

Eight years after M. Simon's article, in April 1927, an English correspondent in Paris sent over a remarkable dispatch, in which he also treated the question of the origin of 'The Three Musketeers' as if it had never been raised before. 'It is declared,' he said, 'that the real author was a young army officer, named Cortilz de Sandras,' who had published in 1701 a book entitled 'Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan.' Seeing that Dumas himself, in the preface to the novel, acknowledges a debt to these *Mémoires*, this 'discovery,' in 1927, was somewhat 'late for the fair.' We were further told that: 'Researches made in the French National Library and elsewhere are said to have supplied evidence that Alexandre Dumas the elder merely took Cortilz de Sandras' book, introduced dialogue of which there is nothing to be found in the original memoirs, and thus was born the famous "The Three Musketeers."'

All who have read both the *Mémoires* of 1701 and the novel of 1844 could deny the truth of this statement, unless indeed there is some quibble over the word 'born.' It is quite true that the earlier chapters of the novel are based on some of the earlier pages of Sandras' book, but everything that came therefrom could be scrapped, and nearly all that is most romantic and thrilling in the novel would still remain.

When the question was raised in 1927, Professor Saurat, of the Institut Français, was declared to have said: 'I have not heard the point raised before.' But as he proceeded to point out that Dumas would have had to re-write the whole book, in any

case, owing to the change in the French language, the Professor could not agree that the sweeping charge of literary theft made against the novelist could possibly be correct. Apparently he had not himself examined the evidence.

What does the romance really owe to the *Mémoires*? Very little. The miserable-looking pony on which d'Artagnan journeys to Paris from his Gascon home, his quarrel with a stranger who smiles at its appearance, the loss of the letter to the Captain of the Musketeers, the meeting with the splendid swordsmen whose *noms de guerre* were Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, and the fight with the Cardinal's guards at the Pré-aux-clercs, the experiences with Milady and her maid in Paris—these are almost the only incidents of any consequence that were borrowed by Dumas, and even they were considerably altered in the novels. For example, according to the *Mémoires*, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis were brothers, who appear no more in the story after the fight just mentioned. Milady, in the *Mémoires*, instead of 'going for' d'Artagnan with a dagger after the avowal of his disgraceful deceit in her bedroom, gives him a kick, which he thoroughly deserves, and afterwards, instead of bribing villains to poison him, she gets him sent to prison, where he stays for two months. The wearer of the shoulder-belt which is so glorious in front and so poor behind is not, as Sandras tells his tale, Porthos, but de Besmaux, who figures so prominently in 'Le Vicomte de Bragelonne' as Governor of the Bastille, in which gloomy stronghold, by the way, Sandras himself was kept for nine years, probably on account of some reminiscences which he published concerning the life of the Court, of which he cannot have known much at first hand.

There is, perhaps, no better brief example of the difference between the dryness of Sandras and the liveliness of Dumas than in the different manner in which this ludicrous baldrick incident is presented by one and the other author. In the memoirs we have a bald statement of an alleged fact, in the novel a richly humorous illustration of the chief foible of a gallant soldier.

The original of one side of Porthos (the inside?) is to be found in Dumas' memories of his own childhood, where the immense powers of eating displayed by his early acquaintance M. Boudoux, as well as his great physical strength, compare with the performances of the Baron du Vallon at the table of Louis XIV, and his ease in lifting ponderous stones and bending massive bars of iron.

Although the 'Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan' did not supply Dumas with the mainspring of his tale, the salvation of the Queen's honour in relation to Buckingham, there does exist another old book in which that hairbreadth's escape is described with considerable fullness.

In the year 1745, in which, owing to the sudden departure of our Dutch allies, the British army under the Duke of Cumberland was worsted at Fontenoy by the French under Marshal Saxe, there was printed, also at Fontenoy, a small volume containing, among other documents found among the papers of '*un homme de Lettres*,' a narrative ascribed to the Comte de Tessé, Maréchal de France, and purporting to describe 'the secret incidents which prevented England from bringing help to La Rochelle, and enabled King Louis XIII to subdue that town, during the Ministry of Cardinal Richelieu.' Whether the battle and the book are to be credited to the same Fontenoy is in doubt, the Belgian and French places of that name being about equidistant from Luxembourg, with which the publication was also associated, but the probability seems to lie with the village near which the battle was fought. In any case, the narrative in question has a very special attraction for any reader who is pleased to concern himself with the historical foundations of the Dumas *chef-d'œuvre*.

The future Marshal de Tessé, though not yet born when the incidents which he describes so fully occurred, was so far a contemporary of Anne of Austria that he was fifteen years old at the time of her death, and had therefore reached the age at which, in those days, a youth was held sufficiently mature to hold a commission in a 'crack' regiment, always supposing that he were of noble birth. If you were not 'born,' your chances of obtaining any kind of promising place in the Royal Army were very small indeed, even when your moustache was full grown, unless you had performed some brilliant feat of arms or won the affections of some influential lady of the Court.

It is frequently asserted by high-brow critics that translations of French literary works are unnecessary, because 'everybody likely to appreciate them can read them in the original language.' However much truth there may be in this assertion, the large sales of English editions of Anatole France and of Balzac—for example—conclusively show that there is a public for such translations, and, as I am convinced that a great many intelligent people do not easily understand French, I shall translate, as well

as I can, my extracts from the document which suggested this article.

The Duchesse de Chevreuse (who, as represented by Dumas, was something either more or less than a *grande amoureuse*, seeing that she not only had affairs with several lovers, but was also ready for such little adventures as that which provided a nominal hero for the six volumes of 'Le Vicomte de Bragelonne') figures in the de Tessé narrative as the secret informant and ally of the Earl of Holland, the Ambassador who negotiated in Paris the marriage between Charles I and Henrietta Maria, and as the friend and most confidential attendant of Anne of Austria. It is to her and Lord Holland that the credit—or discredit—is given for having engineered the sending of Buckingham to France in 1625 as representative of Charles at the proxy wedding, their object being to make the Queen fall in love with this favourite of two Stuart kings in succession, and thus to put several spokes in the wheels of the Cardinal-Minister's chariot. Events showed that their Machiavellian intrigue was excellent of its kind, seeing that, but for the dagger of Felton, Buckingham would have been ready to carry war into France in order to gratify the hatred of Anne of Austria against Richelieu—the man who, repulsed by her, had revenged himself by trying to humiliate her. What Buckingham was like when he fascinated the Queen of France we can know from the truly life-like drawing made at the time by his friend Rubens. It shows a very handsome face, with a mouth and eyes which, had the subject been unknown, would, I think, have convinced most people that he was a highly dangerous acquaintance for any susceptible young woman. The Maréchal de Tessé gives a comprehensive account of Anne's relations with Buckingham :

'She certainly wanted him to love her, and, if she returned his affection, it is none the less true that her virtue sustained her, and that when Buckingham departed, loaded with every favour that a foreigner could receive from a great Court, the only drawback to his contentment was that he had to re-cross the Channel with no other fruit of his love, except that he had been favourably listened to. One thing only he had from the Queen, who, on the eve of his departure, sent to him, by Madame de Chevreuse, the diamond pendants which she had worn on the day of his first audience. This present, which could be regarded as a testimony of the Queen's magnificence, became by the circumstances of the gift, and the mystery which surrounded it, a pointed personal compliment with which Buckingham was charmed.'

'There were several fêtes at the Court; Cardinal Richelieu gave a splendid one in his superb gardens at Ruel, which were then regarded as the most beautiful in the kingdom; all the noblemen who prided themselves on good living or fine manners gave suppers, balls, concerts, and masquerades; some of these entertainments were given by the King and by the Queen. The Duke of Buckingham danced as well as anyone; the Queen did him the honour of being his partner in the *contredanse*, and as in that dance opportunities of coming together, taking hands, or passing close to one another, are found at every moment, and the eyes, gestures, anxieties, and a thousand other things inexplicable although intelligible, speak and take the place of the conversation that respect and the movements of the dance prevent, the state of affairs was too obvious for Richelieu not to be disturbed by what he saw, and by all that he heard said.'

At his principal audience Buckingham appeared before the King and the Court wearing a suit of grey velvet embroidered with pearls so slightly attached that at every moment some of them fell to the ground.

'This spectacle of a new kind of magnificence caused a considerable stir, as the courtiers stooped to pick up what they could not suppose the Ambassador wished to lose.' But, in a way at once 'noble, gracious, and persuasive,' the Duke refused to take the pearls he had thus designedly scattered, and the Queen's servants profited much. Moreover, each of the torch-bearers who lighted him to his carriage received the same evening a present of a hundred pistoles, which, in the value of our own money of to-day, would amount to considerably over a hundred pounds apiece.

The famous moonlight meeting of the Duke and the Queen of France at Amiens is thus described by Marshal de Tessé:

'The King was lodged at the Bishop's Palace, the garden of which was on a level with the Queen's apartments. In the evening, when she had been disrobed, and had dismissed her women, she, wearing her dressing-gown, took the arm of Madame de Chevreuse, and (followed by Madame de Beauvais, her first lady-in-waiting) went for a stroll in the open air. Buckingham, hidden behind a hedge in the obscurity of the night, after having the secret delight of hearing his name mentioned by the Queen to Madame de Chevreuse, threw himself at her feet and, in the tone of a passionate lover, who risked his life for such a meeting, implored her to hear him for one moment. The Queen uttered the cry of a woman surprised, so loudly that Madame de Beauvais said, "Madame, I

believe you have made someone come by the noise you are making, I will go and say that there is nothing the matter, and that Your Majesty was frightened." . . . She went off, and the Queen became calm again. While not giving anything of a conversation of which indeed nothing can be repeated without infinitely detracting from the grace that should attach to such mysterious meetings, it is certain that the Queen needed all her virtue to defend herself from the influences of the hour, and that the inclinations of her heart perhaps went beyond the bounds which kindness, and her position as such a great Princess permitted. The violent passion of an amorous man is, during the night, the only eloquence which persuades. Buckingham neglected nothing to obtain the happiness he desired, and, in such circumstances, where the sceptre and the shepherd's crook are on the same level, there is nothing but flight that can prevent the surrender of the first to the last. The Queen cried out in a way that left no doubt as to her wish for help; Madame de Chevreuse and Madame de Beauvais ran to her, and having drawn her out of an adventure which had become something stronger than a conversation, they conducted her to her room.

'Buckingham, in despair, sought for a way out of the garden, and, after a touching conversation about his woes with Madame de Chevreuse, to whose rooms he went, he reached Boulogne before dawn, and crossed over to England, greatly shaken by the refusal of the Queen to gratify a passion which, perhaps, was to finish only with his life.'

The Cardinal was not long without information concerning the 'passages' between the Queen and the English Duke, of whose 'irresistible charm' the ladies of the French Court were hardly less conscious than their rivals in Whitehall. Richelieu, as has been already suggested, had a double motive for determining to put an end to such philanderings. However much or little he may have succeeded in his own pretensions to the affection of the Queen, which have been the subject of so much gossip, contemporary and 'historical'—some lively-minded people declared that he was the father of *Le Roi Soleil*!—he seems to have been jealous as a man, and not merely as a statesman, of Buckingham's treatment by Anne. Having been informed by his spies among the ladies-in-waiting that the Queen had given to the Duke the diamond set which she had received as a present from her husband, his plan of action was speedily formed—I need scarcely remind lovers of Dumas that the Countess of Clarik is none other than the lovely and unscrupulous 'Milady' of the novels.

'The Cardinal wrote to the Countess of Clarik to do all she could to become reconciled with Buckingham, and told her, in case he wore the diamond pendants at any of the London fêtes, that she must try her best to cut off one or two of them, without being discovered. She entirely made up her quarrel with Buckingham; men are feeble, and the fascinations of a woman whom one has once deeply loved will again seduce when one finds her still kind, and desirous of renewing the old affectionate relations. One evening, when there was a grand ball at Windsor, Buckingham appeared in a black velvet doublet embroidered with gold thread, on a shoulder of which, to fasten his baldrick, he wore a great knot of blue ribbon, from which hung the twelve diamond tags.

'After the ball was over, when Buckingham had retired to his rooms, his valets noticed that two of the tags were missing, and showed him that they had been cut off. He had not been aware of the theft, and he was convinced that whoever had robbed him would not be in a condition either to avow the fact, or to return the jewels. The first thing in the morning he sent messengers to the Commanders of all the ports round the coast, with orders to prevent the sailing of the ordinary mail boats, and of any vessels bound for France. This happened at a moment when the Huguenots had asked for English assistance, and when these rebellious people of La Rochelle hoped for the aid promised by the English Parliament, which King Charles I would have had much difficulty to prevent. The news of the stoppage of trade and correspondence, by the closing of the ports, caused a great commotion in France, and gave rise to many rumours that war was about to be declared between the two kingdoms.

'Meanwhile the Duke of Buckingham secretly employed all his credit, and the knowledge of the first jeweller in London, to find diamonds so like those stolen from him that the two pendants could be exactly reproduced. As soon as this work was finished, he again sent messengers to the ports, to remove the embargo, and dispatched a courier to France who secretly conveyed to Madame de Chevreuse the twelve tags of diamonds. At the same time he informed the Duchess of his adventure, and of his suspicion of Lady Clarik, with whom he had danced at the ball. He begged the Duchess to return to the Queen the magnificent present he had received from her, and to ask Her Majesty to believe that he gave it back only because he feared there was some mystery about it, dangerous for herself. This precaution was not unnecessary. As soon as Cardinal Richelieu had received the two diamond pendants that Lady Clarik had sent him, that Minister, who sought by any means to ruin the Queen in the eyes of the

King, already violently jealous on account of Buckingham, suggested to the King that he should ask the Queen to wear the diamonds that he had given her. The Cardinal added that he had been secretly informed that she valued them so little as to have either given them away, or sold them, and that an English jeweller had made her an offer concerning them. The result was a terrible shock for the Cardinal. In response to the King's very pointed demand that the Queen should show him again the twelve diamond pendants, which he begged her to wear, Her Majesty, quite unaffectedly and simply, sent for her jewel-case. The King opened it himself, and saw there the complete set, which Her Majesty then put on. She had the satisfaction of knowing that the King reproached the Cardinal for his aspersions.'

Of all these historically recorded experiences of Anne of Austria there is not a word in the *Mémoires* of Sandras, while, on the other hand, they are at the very heart of the most thrilling chapters, and influence the whole spirit and motive of 'Les Trois Mousquetaires.'

It merely remains to note that while Sandras shows d'Artagnan in England during the Civil War, nothing is described by his pen which could have given any inspiration to the dramatic incidents which end with the death of Milady's son, the demoniacal Mor-daunt, in 'Vingt Ans Après,' and that though the *Mémoires* show d'Artagnan in England as the Ambassador sent by Louis XIV to congratulate Charles II on his restoration, and as friendly with Monk, there is not a word of those rather absurd performances of d'Artagnan and the Comte de la Fère which, in 'Le Vicomte de Bragelonne,' bring about the return of the second Charles to the throne of his father and grandfather.

W. H. HELM.

LITERARY ACROSTICS.

THE Editor of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of at least £3 to the most successful solvers of this series of four Literary Acrostics. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number: the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is opened first.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 62.

(The Second of the Series.)

- ' Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many ——— and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.'
1. ' Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the ——— of the May ! '
2. ' Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With ——— colours waving.'
3. ' She left the novel half-uncut
Upon the rosewood shelf ;
She left the new piano shut :
She could not please herself.'
4. ' The pride, the market-place, the crown
And centre of the Potter's trade.'
5. ' ——— is over, ——— was gay :
We have come the primrose way.'
6. ' Some love of ——— hath writ to you in rhyme.'

RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed on page x of 'Book Notes' in the preliminary pages of this issue.
4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address must also be given, and should be written at the back.
5. Solvers must on no account write either the quotations or the references on the same paper as their answers. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to send them at all.
6. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.
7. Answers to Acrostic No. 62 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than October 20.

ANSWER TO No. 61.

1. E	lectri	C
2. U	nderse	A
3. R	igh	T
4. O	at	H
5. P	ersi	A
6. E	dd	Y

PROEM : *Locksley Hall.*

LIGHTS :

1. *The Princess*, ii.
2. *The Voyage of Maeldune*, vii.
3. *Idylls of the King*. Gareth and Lynette.
4. *A Dream of Fair Women*.
5. *Alexander*.
6. *The Lady of Shalott*.

Acrostic No. 60 ('Rosalind Cordelia') was very difficult. The fifth light, 'Lysidice,' was found by no one, and very few competitors knew the second or sixth; most solvers sent 'Slipper,' but the Poe quotation was by no means generally known. Seventy solvers sent in their answers: one of them had only one mistake, nine missed two lights, nine missed three, and the others fared less well.

RESULT OF THE FIFTEENTH SERIES.

Full marks for the series was 33; Meg scored 32, and stands in a class by herself; Caw, Edumis, Lapin, Oiseau, Pax, and Ubique scored 31. None of these seven solvers is ineligible as a winner in the previous series; they win now, and will be debarred from further success during the current (autumn) series. Meg will receive a cheque for £3; Caw, Edumis, Lapin, Oiseau, Pax, and Ubique will choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue.

Meg is Miss H. M. Turing, Capton House, Williton, Taunton, Somerset; Caw is Miss Anderson, 19 Atholl Crescent, Edinburgh; Edumis is Mr. S. B. Relton, Crowthorne, Berks; Lapin is Miss L. A. Peile, 7 Cosway Street, London, N.W.1; Oiseau is Miss Bridges, 7 Alexandra Road, Clifton, Bristol; Pax is Mrs. Reynolds, The Gables, Abingdon, Berks; and Ubique is Major Luard, 14 Woodlane, Falmouth, Cornwall.

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